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NOTE

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In Memory of
WILLIAM WHITE
First Bishop of Pennsylvania
who launched from
Philadelphia
May 31, 1835
THE CHINA MISSION
of the
American Episcopal Church
this volume is gratefully
dedicated

Sam Faucett Studio
Conway, Arkansas

Andrew Yu Yue Tsu

1953

PREFACE

Cataclysmic changes have convulsed my homeland, shaking the very foundation of our national character and culture. Friends have urged me to put in writing my recollection of the experiences of the Christian Church in China during the recent critical decades, and especially the impact of the communist revolution upon the Christian Movement, as I have known them through personal involvement.

It is hoped that this narrative may create an interest for others to undertake a comprehensive study of Chinese Christianity during the period in which an old era is passing and a new era aborning in the history of our people.

I am deeply indebted to the Rt. Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger and the Rt. Rev. R. O. Hall for their words of encouragement, to Dr. and Mrs. Claude L. Pickens, Professor Monto Ho, and Professor and Mrs. Donald Roberts for going over the manuscript and giving valuable suggestions out of their knowledge of the Chinese people and their history. I want also to thank the Rev. John A. Schultz for seeing the book through the press and Mrs. Helen Kirk for typing the manuscript.

That this publication coincides with my arrival at the Biblical span of "Four score years" reminds me not so much of the ephemerality, the "labor and sorrow" of life which seemed so to obsess the mind of the Hebrew Psalmist, but more of the joy of comradeship in rewarding endeavor, in the on-going enterprise of the human spirit, even though individually we "soon are gone."

> "While daylight lasts, we must be busy with the work of him who sent me; night comes when no man can work."

Fort Washington, Pennsylvania — Andrew Y. Y. Tsu

FOREWORD

It is very good that Bishop Tsu has written this narrative of his life during the recent critical years in China. Of immediate interest, I think, is the portion of the book that tells of the westward trek of many Christian institutions and many people into what was then known as "Free China" during the Sino-Japanese War. Bishop Tsu was soon to take a most active and helpful role in that migration. He was known to us in those days as "Bishop of the Burma Road" and so he is still remembered.

Andrew Yu-Yue Tsu's story of his life tells us much about the Chinese people, their intense love for their homeland, and their will to be a free people. It also gives us a good and fair appraisal of the effect at the time of the Communist take-over on the Christian Church.

It is therefore with much pleasure that I commend this book. It is a privilege to have this opportunity to express my deep affection for Bishop Tsu and my admiration for the way he and Mrs. Tsu met both joy and adversity, and for their witness to the Christian faith in a most difficult time.

Arthur Lichtenberger
Presiding Bishop, retired
American Episcopal Church

Bethel, Vermont

FOREWORD

I am so glad that "Bishop Y. Y." has been persuaded to write down something of his life and times. He is typical of a considerable group of remarkable Chinese Christian laymen (six of whom, including "Y. Y." himself, married the six daughters of the beloved Pastor Huie Kin of New York). Y. Y. and his contemporaries were the first flowering of able graduates from the Christian Universities of China. Like many of his fellow leaders he was the son of a Chinese clergyman.

It was a great day when Y. Y. accepted my entreaty to let me put his name up to the House of Bishops of the Church in China for appointment as an Assistant Bishop in the Diocese of Hongkong, with special responsibility for the Burma Road, which was China's life-line during the war with Japan. His title was Bishop of Kunming, which was his base.

This little book is valuable therefore not only for its lively personal interest, but for its information about a most dramatic period of China's history.

R. O. Hall
Bishop of Hongkong

Hongkong

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1. CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

My mother's people — the Pan family — came from Sung Kiang Fu, a quiet walled city about twenty miles inland from Shanghai. They were Buddhists. My earliest recollection of our maternal grandmother was as she appeared in her morning worship. She got up early and before taking up household chores, she seated herself in front of a little shrine set up in a corner of her bedroom, quietly mumbling "Namo Amitthaba" and other occult phrases. All the while she fingered her chain of prayer beads, similar to the way the Roman Christians in the West do their rosary. She timed herself by lighting a foot long stick of incense set in a bronze brazier, which while she prayed sent up a spiral of fragrance and slowly smouldered into grey ashes. Once we thought we caught grandmother napping, for the praying lasted a long time.

Grandmother used to regale us with stories of her pilgrimage to the little island of P'u T'u Shan, off the coast of Chekiang Province, in the China Sea. Years later, while in college, I visited the island during a summer vacation. It was a beautiful gem of a place with temples and pagodas dotting the wooded slopes of rolling hills, and there were long stretches of clean sandy beaches dipping gently into the blue sea. The island was dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy, Kwan-yin, one of the Boddhisatvas in the Buddhist Pantheon, who to save mankind from the misery and vanities of this earthly life, deny themselves the blessedness of Nirvana, in order to devote themselves to the relief of human need, and to guide souls across the vale of sorrow into the haven of salvation. In pictoral imagery, Kwan-yin is likened to a mariner ferrying humanity across the sea of existence. In Chinese this is, "P'u T'u Chung Sheng". hence the name for the island.

Kwan-yin or Boddhisatva Avalokitesvara started out in ancient Indian Buddhism as a male deity, but as the new missionary religion spread northward he took on feminine qualities, and finally in China, Korea and Japan became the personification of all that

is tender and beautiful in ideal womanhood. I have seen representations of the Goddess of Mercy in Chinese sculpture and painting in flowing robes, not dissimilar to the statues of the Madonna.

According to old Chinese tradition, women seldom travelled abroad alone, but religious pilgrimages were an exception. Women freely travelled in pilgrim groups to visit sacred spots like P'u T'u Shan. To mark them out as pilgrims, they wore yellow sashes or aprons, with their names and destinations inscribed thereon. Such pilgrimages were popular with Chinese women because they combined the pleasure of travel with the merit of religious exercise. It is an illustration of the indirect influence of Buddhism in the emancipation of oriental womanhood. In those olden days, we never heard of women pilgrims being molested or maligned. The larger temples on P'u T'u Shan maintained well appointed hostels for pilgrims.

On one trip to P'u T'u Shan, so mother told us, grandmother's foot slipped over the edge of a sacred pool. This was taken as a portent that marked the end of her life as a pilgrim. By coincidence, grandmother passed on to the Beyond, at the ripe age of eighty-five, the year after.

The Pan family seemed well off. Mother remembered that as a child she lived in a big house, built around a series of courts and surrounded by a high wall, and there were many servants. She had her own nurse-maid to look after her. The family fortune was built on a sort of banking establishment, which like the postal service, was in those days owned by certain families.

Mother's childhood coincided with the rise of the Tai Ping Rebellion, which in the middle of the 19th century sought to overthrow the Manchu Dynasty and restore the country to Chinese rule. The leader of the movement, a southerner, Hung Shiu Chuan, combined in his complex personality political ambition with religious fanaticism. He had had some contact with Christian missionaries and claimed to have seen visions, in which he was shown what he should do and was promised help from "Elder Brother Jesus". At the height of his success, Hung Siu Chuan set himself up as emperor at Nanking and his regime was known as *Tai Ping*

Tien Kuo, the Kingdom of Heaven of Great Peace, which held sway over several of the rich southern provinces. Among social reforms introduced by him were prohibition of opium smoking and foot binding for women, a communal way of life, Sunday worship and a day of rest in seven.

Sung Kiang Fu, the administrative seat of the Prefect or Governor over an important area including Shanghai, became the bone of contention between the Tai Ping rebels and government troops. When the Tai Pings occupied Sung Kiang Fu, Peking in desperation sought military help from outside sources. An American adventurer, Frederick Townsend Ward, offered his service to the Government and he was authorized to recruit an army to fight for the government cause. With a motley army of free-booters of many nationalities, Ward succeeded in taking back the city of Sung Kiang Fu, but in the fighting he lost his own life. The Court in Peking was so grateful that it ordered the erection of a temple in his memory in Sung Kiang Fu, with a statue of him enshrined in it. In the course of the years, the temple became a center of worship, like that of any other local deity. After Ward came the well-known General Charles Gordon who finally helped the Government in crushing the Tai Ping Rebellion. The revolt lasted over fifteen years, 1848-1864, and caused wide-spread destruction and suffering and the slaughter of untold millions.

In the turmoil, the Pan Family lost all its possessions. The big house was burnt to the ground, and mother's last recollection of home was of herself and her nurse-maid huddled together in the ruins of the kitchen, herself shaking uncontrollably either because of fright or high fever, and the nurse-maid moaning over the tragedy. Somehow mother and grandmother got out of the ill-fated city. They found their way to Shanghai, but mother, then a little girl, could not recall her father or any other member of the family getting out with them.

In Shanghai missionaries of the American Episcopal Church had opened a school for girls outside the West Gate of the native city. A school for girls was a novelty in China and it met with considerable opposition at first, but it was the harbinger of a new era in the life of the old country. Mother was among the

first ones to be enrolled in the new school and there she learned to read and write. To the very last of her life, she lived to the age of eighty-eight years, she enjoyed reading, and when her eye-sight became weak, she used to read with the help of a magnifying glass. In school she joined the Church and became an Episcopalian. Her name was Siu-king Pan, Miss Fine Gold of the Pan Family.

* * * *

Concerning my father's people, I recall our paternal grandfather as a tall stately figure, slightly bent, with a thin beard, and we were awed by the knowledge that he held a minor post in the City Magistrate's Yamen, or mayor's office. The Tsu Family occupied an apartment on the main street leading to the West Gate of Shanghai. They were not natives, but had migrated from Anhui Province, where they traced their ancestry to the noted scholar and encyclopedist Chu Hsi of the Sung Dynasty.

We usually timed our visit to grandfather's home during the Chinese New Year holidays, for the annual religious processions were held in the middle of the first lunar month, and they generally passed in front of grandfather's place. The processions were in honour of the *Ch'eng Huang*, the city deity, who was supposed to look after the spiritual and material well-being of the city. His official residence was the *Ch'eng Huang Miao*, commonly known as the city temple, located in the center of the city. He was a Taoist deity, and the walls of the temple were covered with murals depicting horrendous scenes of the nether world, calculated to forewarn men against evil ways. Over the front gate of the temple was hung a huge Chinese abacus, adding machine, symbol of the law of retribution, that every person was responsible for his manner of life, as expressed in the Taoist saying, "Goodness wins good reward, and evil evil reward..." This is popular Taoism, not to be confused with the metaphysical philosophy of Lao-tse and Chuang-tse.

During the New Year holidays, the *Ch'eng Huang* made his annual survey of his domain. He was carried in a gorgeous sedan chair like a terrestrial mandarin, borne on the shoulders of a

dozen stalwart and ornately uniformed chair-bearers. In the procession were men carrying the emblems of authority of the deity, jugglers and clowns, theatrical troupes, string bands and devotees of both sexes dressed as penitents. Firecrackers burst overhead and big gongs boomed. We children neither cared for nor understood the religious significance of the procession, but the noise and the crowds, the music and the pageantry of the passing show were an unfailing attraction. It was like the circus coming to town.

Grandfather had his daily routine of work and recreation. Sometimes he would offer to take us to the city park next to the *Ch'eng Huang Miao*. The park was noted for its lake of shimmering waters, dominated in the center by the famed hexagonal pavillion, built on stone pillars, with foot bridges radiating from it in zig-zags to reach the far shores. This hexagonal pavillion with the zig-zag bridges is the original pattern for Chinese paintings and for the decoration of willow pattern export chinaware. The park buzzed with the noises from many tea-houses, little restaurants, toy shops, gambling dens and fortune-teller's booths, and there were throngs of visitors, beggars and pick-pockets.

Grandfather had his favorite tea-house and his own group of cronies, some of whom brought with them song birds in ornate cages, as was the fashion for men of leisure in those days. The birds seemed to enjoy the outings as much as their masters, and they sang vociferously in the presence of their feathered companions. The commoner varieties were larks and canaries. It was heavenly to hear the birds sing, as if nature and man were one in holiday mood.

Grandfather was an opium smoker. Opium-smoking in those early days did not bring social opprobrium, for it was limited to the upper social strata, indulged in by those who could afford the costly foreign import. Some homes were equipped with elaborate smoker's den, as a mark of status, and guests were entertained there as a sign of hospitality. A smoker's den was furnished with a wide day-couch, with pillowed spaces for two persons, facing each other, separated by a tray containing an alcohol lamp, pipes, vials of prepared opium and other items of the smokers' paraphernalia. In the tray there might be also a dish

of fruit or sweets and a pot of tea. The smoker reclining on his side, melted the opium over the lamp with a little spade and piled the stuff on the bowl of his pipe; then igniting the opium he sucked in the heavy fume through the pipe. We children liked to recline opposite grandfather and watch him puff his pipe. We even learned to enjoy the fume. After two or three pipefuls, grandfather was sure to doze off blissfully. This was the moment we waited for, to help ourselves from the dish of sweets and scamper off before he woke up.

My father grew up in such a home atmosphere. He reacted by becoming a teetotaler and crusader against indulgence of any kind. Eventually he found his way into a mission school for boys, run by missionaries of the American Episcopal Church, outside the West Gate of Shanghai. Yu-tang Tsu, Jade Hall of the Tsu Family was his name. Somehow Yu-tang and Miss Siu-king, Fine Gold, became acquainted with each other. Possibly the missionary teachers acted as go-betweens, as was the custom in those days. In due time, they were married in accordance with the rite of the new religion, which both had embraced. They were to be our future parents.

2. EARLY YEARS

The year 1876 was memorable in modern Chinese history, for it saw the laying of the first railway ever built on Chinese soil. It was the Shanghai-Woosung Railway, a short line of only fifteen miles, connecting Shanghai with the Woosung Forts at the entrance to the Whampoo River in the estuary of Yangtse River. Situated on the Whampoo, Shanghai had become a commercial metropolis in the Far East, and to guard this waterway the Forts were built. The railway facilitated the bringing of farm produce to the markets of the growing city. As a result the villages along the railway flourished, and new mission stations of the American Episcopal Church were planted there, including St. Stephen's Mission at San Tin Keu, consecrated in December 1879.

The year 1876 was notable in the history of the Episcopal Church in China, for in that year theological training was started in Shanghai with the first group of young men preparing for the Christian Ministry. It was a motley group of uneven ages and uneven scholastic attainments. The training was handicapped by the scarcity of theological textbooks in the Chinese language and by the missionary teachers' limitation in the use of the native tongue as the medium of instruction. Under those circumstances, evangelistic fervor rather than theological profundity became the standard of training, and the Bible served as the main textbook. Despite these limitations, a good start was made for the training of the Chinese clergy, and to this first generation of Chinese ministers and their missionary teachers was due the credit of laying a solid foundation for the future growth of the Christian Church among my people.

Yu-tang Tsu, age eighteen, was among those enrolled in the first class for theological training. Upon graduation the young deacon was sent to San Tin Keu on the new railway to take charge of St. Stephen's Mission. In the St. Stephen's vicarage I was born on December 18, 1885. Two elder sisters had pre-

ceded me. In due course, another boy and three younger sisters were to come after me. It was a large family, and as mother told us, our parents had to struggle to make ends meet on the small ministerial stipend. Mother made all the children's clothes, including socks and shoes. As a child I went through much sickness, and at one time was at the point of death, but came through, as mother put it, on the knees of my father offering their first-born son to the service of the Lord. In college afterwards, I decided on the ministry as my life work, but this childhood episode did not seem to have played any conscious part in the decision.

At Baptism, my parents christened me Yu-yue, Friend of Fishermen. According to Chinese custom, a person's name is an individual creation, to signify some personal quality. A child born in autumn when chrysanthemums are in bloom, might be given the name "Chrysanthemum Bloom". Yu-yue was given as my name for its Christian connotation, reminding us that the first disciples of Christ were fishermen. I added Andrew later when it was the fashion among high school students to adopt a foreign name. Hence Andrew Yu-yue Tsu.

The American Episcopal Church had by that time built up a strong mission center in Shanghai and made it the headquarters for the Bishop of the China Mission. The Mission began originally among the Chinese settlers in Batavia in the Dutch East Indies, now Jakarta of Indonesia, in 1835. It was later moved to Amoy, a coastal town in South-east China. In 1845 as a result of the first Sino-British War, known as the Opium War, Shanghai was made one of five open ports along the eastern seaboard, where westerners could carry on trade. Bishop William J. Boone, the first American bishop for the China Mission decided to settle in Shanghai.

The conception of the American Episcopal Church's Mission to the Chinese people took shape first in the mind of Augustus Foster Lyde, a student at the General Theological Seminary, New York City. He offered to go to China, then the faraway land of Cathay, as the Church's first missionary. After his graduation in 1834, he went to work as a deacon in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Rt. Rev. William White, rector of Christ Church and first Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania was then the Presiding Bishop of the American Episcopal Church. Presumably the new missionary candidate for China was under Bishop White's supervision in preparation for the new adventure. But before the project could be carried out, death intervened. The young man died in the winter of 1834 and was buried in the churchyard at St. Peter's, Third and Pine Streets, Philadelphia. I have seen the little grave with a white stone which bears the inscription,

> "It was in his heart to preach the Gospel to the Chinese"

The original stone had long ago crumbled away, and the present stone was put up in 1945 by the people of St. James Church, Wilmington, North Carolina, Augustus Lyde's home church. St. Peter's was the church where the first Bishop of the China Mission, the Rt. Rev. William J. Boone was consecrated on October 26, 1844.

The year after Augustus Lyde's death, the Rev. Henry Lockwood, a classmate of Lyde's at General Theological Seminary, offered to go to China in Lyde's place. Mr. Lockwood and his companion, the Rev. F. R. Hansom of the Diocese of Maryland were commissioned by the Rt. Rev. William White as the first two Episcopalian missionaries to China at a missionary rally held at St. Stephen's Church, Tenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on May 31, 1835.

Among the early missionaries of the American Episcopal Church who went out to China were the Rev. and Mrs. Edward W. Syle. They reached Shanghai in 1845. It has been a great pleasure for me to become acquainted with their grandchildren, Miss Irene Marguerite Syle and her brother, Mr. Herbert D. Syle, members of St. Peter's Church, Germantown, Philadelphia.

An interesting story about the early days of the China Mission was that of the Rev. and Mrs. Robert Nelson of Virginia who went out to China in 1851 following his graduation from the Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Virginia, and did

not return home until thirty years later. In Shanghai, Mr. Nelson started the Church of Our Saviour, which in the course of the years became the largest Episcopal Church in my country. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson returned to America with their children in 1881, and in remembrance of their work in China, he built a little church in his home village of Montpelier, in Hanover County, Virginia and named it the Church of Our Saviour. This church was burnt down in 1935 or thereabouts. When the news of the disaster reached Shanghai, members of the Chinese Church of Our Saviour, then numbering over a thousand, raised what Rt. Rev. Frederick Goodwin, Bishop of the Diocese of Virginia, described as a substantial sum to help the villagers of Montpelier to restore the Nelson church. At the dedication of the new building, a pair of offertory basins made by Chinese craftsmen and bearing Chinese inscriptions, was presented to the Montpelier congregation by the Shanghai friends, as a memorial for Robert Nelson. The Chinese inscriptions were, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" and "All people, poor or rich, share the blessings of God". The basins were brought from China to America by the Rev. Claude L. Pickens, then a missionary in the Diocese of Hankow, now Associate Secretary in the Overseas Department of the National Executive Council of the American Episcopal Church.

In 1952 Rt. Rev. Frederick Goodwin invited me to address a Commemoration Service at the Church of Our Saviour, Montpelier. In the congregation were Rt. Rev. St. George Tucker and several descendants of the Rev. and Mrs. Nelson, including Mr. and Mrs. Frank St. John of Richmond, Virginia. The Chinese offertory basins were used at the Service. It was a beautiful occasion of great symbolic significance. At one time, the Rev. Yutang Tsu, my own father, was Vicar of the Church of Our Saviour, in Shanghai, and after him, the Rev. P. N. Tsu, my father's younger brother and my uncle, was Rector of that church for almost forty years.

During World War II, I had a unique opportunity of meeting Miss Mary Nelson, the oldest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Robert Nelson, at her ancestral home at Montpelier, Virginia. She was born in my home town of Shanghai and came back with her par-

ents in 1881 at the age of nineteen. Then in her eighties, she had not forgotten the Chinese language, and offered to recite the Lord's Prayer in Chinese for my benefit. She did it fluently, but the version of the Lord's Prayer she knew was the old one that was current in my own childhood, and had been superseded long since by a differently worded modern version. It was a thrilling experience to converse with Miss Nelson in my own mother tongue about the Shanghai of long ago and the work of the Church in those early days, almost like turning back the pages of history and re-living the past. In a jocular mood, I told Miss Nelson that we missed meeting each other in China by only four years, she having left in 1881 and I getting there in 1885.

In 1886 the Rev. Francis L. Hawks Pott of New York arrived in Shanghai to be headmaster of St. John's College, founded a few years earlier in 1878 by Rt. Rev. S. I. J. Schereschewsky, then Bishop of the China Mission. Bishop Schereschewsky was a romantic figure in the history of the Episcopal Church in China. A Polish Jew with the awesome name of Samuel Isaac Joseph Schereschewsky, he had migrated to America and had been converted to Christianity. Joining the Episcopal Church, he had been ordained to the Priesthood and had come to China for work among the literati. Endowed with unusual linguistic talent and by dint of hard application, he became so proficient with the Chinese language, both literary and spoken, that single-handed he produced a Chinese version of the Scriptures which has served as the standard version in Chinese, such as the King James version has in the English language. He conceived the idea of establishing a college under Christian auspices to meet the need of our people for a modern education, and as a means of strengthening the Church's work with the intellectual class. It was an innovation in missionary strategy, and the influence of St. John's graduates in China's national life amply justified Bishop Schereschewsky's vision.

Dr. Hawks Pott was a man of many accomplishments. He became one of the foremost missionary educators in my country. For more than half a century he presided over the growth of St. John's from a high school to college, to university status, to an outstanding institution of learning in the country. Dr.

Pott identified himself with the Chinese people and put on the Chinese costume. He married a daughter of the well-known Wong Family, the head of which had early joined the Church.

Shortly after his arrival in Shanghai, Dr. Pott called on my father at the St. Stephen's vicarage at San Tin Keu and invited him to join St. John's College as assistant chaplain. I was then a year old. So the Tsu Family moved to the college campus at Jessfield, in the western suburb of Shanghai. The campus was triangular in shape, surrounded on all sides but one by the Soochow Creek, the main waterway connecting the important cities of Soochow and Wusih with the seaport of Shanghai. It was always crowded with junks, some with tall and picturesque sails, the water traffic following a diurnal pattern according to the ebb and flow of the tides. Among my childhood memories at St. John's was a military parade which filled the campus with long lines of western soldiers in colorful uniforms and many visitors. The event was later identified as the Jubilee Celebration of the British community of Shanghai in honour of the then reigning Queen Victoria.

My father was Vicar of the Church of Our Saviour, Shanghai, when he died at the age of forty-two early in 1903. Referring to his death, the Rt. Rev. F. R. Graves, Bishop of Shanghai wrote in his Memoirs, "In January (1903) we lost one of our best clergy, the Rev. N. D. (Yu-tang) Tsu. His work lives in the ministry of his son....". Yu-tang Tsu had become quite a preacher and had published two volumes of sermons, a rare accomplishment in the early Chinese Church.

St. John's College, where I was a boarder, was located way out in the countryside, five miles from the center of the city. Jinrickshas were the only means of rapid transportation, but they were available only in daytime, for long distances. Upper class college students were allowed to keep bicycles, the ownership of which was comparable to the ownership of cars today. The news of father's death reached me late one evening. I borrowed a classmate's bicycle and pedaled all the way to get home in Hongkew in the northeastern part of Shanghai, where the vicarage was located. As I vividly recall, it was a scary night-ride

along unlit country roads through silent rice fields that were dotted with grave mounds.

Our Class of 1904 had the distinction of being the first class to graduate with the degree of B.A., as St. John's had by then been registered as a university. The class had only four members, one of whom was Dr. T. Z. Koo who married my younger sister, Getsung Tsu, and who for many years was a secretary of the World Student Christian Federation. The next three years I spent in the theological school.

During my undergraduate years I was active in college athletics. I was a member of the college football team (soccer), which won so many inter-collegiate games that the St. John's Team was nick-named "The Ever Victorious". Another strong team in the Shanghai area was that of Nanyang College, and sometimes we lost to them. Nanyang College was the forerunner of the well-known engineering institution, the Chiao Tung University. In 1904 the Rev. Arthur S. Mann of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, New York joined our college faculty. He introduced the modern features of college athletics, such as pole-vault, hurdle race, hammer throw and the use of spiked shoes for running. At one time I was the holder of college records for the short distance races and even high jump and pole-vault, but they were minimal ones, soon to be superseded by more respectable records of the younger students.

In our theological class with only three members, Zion Day was a huge and husky person and he held the records for shot put and hammer throw for several years. President Pott at our graduation in the summer of 1907 therefore characterized our class as exemplars of "muscular Christianity". The Rev. Arthur S. Mann met an untimely death while attempting to save a companion from drowning at a summer camp. In his memory, the alumni erected at St. John's a dormitory called Mann Hall. At one time the Women's Auxiliary of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, New York, had an "Arthur S. Mann Chapter" in his memory.

On graduation I was appointed as a deacon to serve at St. Andrew's Mission in Wusih, Kiangsu Province, under the Rev.

Gouverneur F. Mosher, later Bishop of the Philippines. Wusih was an important center for rice production and sericulture, and the people were noted for their progressive spirit as shown by their early start in industrialization. One of my college friends at St. John's, Mr. K. Y. Daung was credited with having built the first textile and flour mills in his home town.

The city was noted for the scenic beauty of its surrounding hills, the Hui Chuan Shan, and for the crystal clear canals traversing the region in all directions, which served as means of transportation and of irrigation for the rice fields. The walled city of Wusih itself depended largely upon the canals for travel and shipment of goods and so the city wall was pierced by water-gates for the passage of boats, and the back doors of shops and homes led down to the water edge, reminiscent of Venice.

The Wusih Mission consisted of the city church, St. Andrew's, presided over by Mr. Mosher and a series of stations in the outlying towns and villages. Next to the church was the St. Andrew's Hospital, the only modern hospital for the city and its environs, under Dr. Claude M. Lee of Virginia. There was a boys' school with Mr. S. D. Wong as headmaster. The women's work was taken care of by Mrs. T. Y. Shen, the woman catechist. One of Mrs. Shen's sons was the scholarly Rev. Tse Kau Shen, who became the first Bishop of Shensi and later, Dean of the Central Theological College of the Episcopal Church in China.

I was given the responsibility for the extension work, making periodical visits to the outlying towns and villages. For this purpose I had the use of our own mission house-boat, fitted as a mobile hostel and chapel. It was delightful to travel by house-boat on the canals through the green rice fields. Occasionally I borrowed Mr. Mosher's double-barreled hunting gun, for the rice fields and canals abounded with wild ducks and pheasants in their season and there were no hunting regulations. But I never got anything. Once I mistook the stump of a tree at the water edge for a sitting duck.

As a means of reaching people outside the Church, we opened

a "preaching hall" at one of the busy shopping centers in the city, known as South Market Bridge. We rented a two-storey building and turned the front room into the preaching hall. Upstairs was a reading room furnished with books and newspapers, my combination bedroom and office and a room for my assistant. Fresh from college, I was quite naive and permitted a group of teenagers the freedom of the place. Someone in my absence broke into a locked drawer of my desk and abstracted from it my month's pay of forty silver dollars. The culprit was never apprehended, but what saddened us more than the loss itself was the fact that we lost contact with that group of teenagers, for they did not come near our place again.

The preaching sessions were held in the evenings. To attract a crowd from the street, we lit up the hall, opened wide the doors and with the help of a baby organ, and sometimes a cornet, sang hymns. Somehow I got hold of a half dozen new converts to assist me in running these preaching sessions. We were like a team spending much of our time together. One member was a salesman of silver ornaments for children who distributed his ware through a chain of village retailers. He had a big booming voice, which was quite an asset, for the preaching session could be noisy and disorderly with people coming and going as they pleased. Another faithful member was a silversmith. He was very clever with his hands but was handicapped by the opium-smoking habit. Before modern drugs were available, opium-smoking was often resorted to as a means of alleviating certain bodily ailments, but once formed the habit was hard to throw off. We encouraged our silversmith brother to get rid of it. To encourage him we relied on group prayer, in which he earnestly joined. In our inexperience we neglected to get medical aid in this difficult task of breaking the addiction. The man got rid of the habit, passing through agonizing days and nights, but his old ailments returned, and in his weakened condition he did not survive the "cure". Thus the laymen's evangelistic team lost a valuable member. The faithful laymen brought their friends and neighbors into the Church by the power of their personal testimony for their new-found faith.

I spent two years in Wusih. Rev. Gouverneur F. Mosher was

a kindly man and generous in his treatment of his Chinese colleagues. But he and I did not get along well, for he was an Anglo-Catholic liturgist, while I was brought up in low evangelical tradition by missionaries who came from the Virginia Theological Seminary with its low churchmanship. In our unsophisticated eyes eucharistic vestments were too popish, and even candle lights on the altar were a novelty to us. So when I was offered a scholarship by the General Theological Seminary of New York City, I resigned from St. Andrew's Mission, bought a boat passage with my savings and sailed for America in the summer of 1909.

3. MY FIRST TRIP TO AMERICA

I left Shanghai on an Empress ship of the Canadian Pacific Railway bound for Vancouver. Mr. H. W. Sun, a St. John's graduate, shared the cabin with me. He was going to Columbia University to study mining. Poor Mr. Sun was seasick all the way and did not leave his berth until the ship docked. From Vancouver we proceeded east across Canada for New York. At a lunch stop at Winnipeg, I took a short walk from the railway station to the edge of a vast wheat field that stretched into the distance as far as my eyes could see. That was the size of the city of Winnipeg fifty years ago.

In those days we did not carry passports, but the Chinese Exclusion Act was in force. At the American port of entry in Upper New York State we were kept in a detention house overnight and put through a thorough physical examination. Other than that we experienced no undue unpleasantness, as some Chinese passengers did, as we were told before leaving China.

On arrival in New York City we were met by the Rev. Cameron F. McRae, a China missionary from Virginia. Mr. McRae had spent half a year in our home when he first arrived in China for learning the Chinese language. He put Mr. Sun and me in a little family hotel next to the tall Metropolitan tower at Madison Square. That afternoon we two newcomers from China went up Broadway to take in the sights of that fabulous metropolis, feeling confident that with the tall Metropolitan tower as guidepost we could not get lost. We dropped into a modest restaurant for supper. On coming out, we found the street lights had been turned on. We walked back the way we came, or thought we did. After walking for what seemed an unusually long distance, we finally were cheered by the sight of the tall tower all lit up against the evening sky. To our dismay the Madison Square had disappeared as if by magic. Fortunately a lone policeman was there and he explained that we had come to Lower Broad-

way, some miles from where we thought we were, and the lit-up tower was not the Metropolitan but Singer Building. The policeman took us to the Subway by which we finally returned to our little hotel. Thus ended the romance of a first night in bewildering New York for two oriental boys. The next day was Sunday and Mr. McRae took us to worship in Calvary Church nearby.

In the fall I entered the General Theological Seminary with the class of 1912. As a seminarian I had the privilege of taking courses at Columbia University uptown for graduate degrees, free of tuition. I registered at the University for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the social sciences. My daily routine therefore included much travelling: morning classes at the seminary; a hurried lunch in our stately Hoffman Refectory, a ride on the old Ninth Avenue Elevated Railway, now gone out of existence; a flight of steps up Morningside Heights; afternoon classes at the University; back to Chelsea Square in time for Evensong in the seminary chapel, and supper. Our seminary life centered at the Hoffman Memorial Chapel, an ornate building with bronze sculptured doors. In the chapel the seminarians appeared in their academic gowns, and it was a delight to hear the choral services rendered in the powerful voices of a couple of hundred young men.

I was housed in old Pintard Hall. We had spacious rooms with open fireplaces. In the winter months the open fireplaces became not merely ornamental but a necessity. The fireplace was our only source of heat, that is, if one had learned the knack of tending the fire in daytime and banking it overnight, and did not mind hauling up the stairs the bucketfuls of coal from the basement dump. For pocket money I was glad to get work in the seminary library at twenty-five cents an hour, which the Bursar, Mr. Zabriskie, scornfully characterized as "chicken feed" when I collected it once a week.

Professor Dickinson Miller joined the seminary faculty during my years there. He had come from Harvard and carried with him great academic prestige for he was known as Professor William James' favorite student. But his lectures were abstruse and hard to follow. He lectured on philosophy of religion and apologetics. Somehow I got good marks in his classes, and he even

asked me to type out his lectures for him. The dictation took place in his apartment in one of the dormitories. He would lecture as if speaking to himself and I would take down what he said on the typewriter. Some parts would be gone over and the corrections incorporated. To relieve mental strain, we would pause periodically and throw a tennis ball back and forth across the room. Sometimes he would ask that two balls be thrown at him simultaneously, when he found his mind drifting back to his lecture in spite of the ball thrown at him. Occasionally Dr. Miller would ask Mr. Parker Vanamee, a classmate and me to dinner with him at the Harvard Club, which was a real treat for us.

Our Class of 1912 had our fiftieth class reunion at the seminary at the 1962 Commencement. Out of a class of about forty members, a dozen or so were then living, and out of these, six of us attended the reunion dinner, with the Very Rev. Lawrence Rose, Dean of the seminary, as guest of honour. They were the Rev. Morton C. Stone, class secretary, the Rev. John E. Gerstenberg, the oldest member at eighty-nine, Professor Frederic C. Grant, and three bishops, the Rt. Rev. Benjamin M. Washburn, the Rt. Rev. Robert E. Gribbin and myself.

Columbia University was popular with Chinese students. During my time, of all the American universities Columbia had the largest group of Chinese students. Among them was Dr. Wellington Koo, who later became the Chinese Ambassador to Washington, D. C. Another was Dr. Y. C. Ma, the eminent economist, who recently retired as Chancellor of the Peking National University. Life for Chinese students was fairly pleasant and the people of the academic community were friendly to them. Once in a while we would meet with unpleasant incidents, such as the refusal for a haircut at a barber shop, for there still lingered some prejudice against the mysterious denizens of the Chinese ghetto known as "Chinatown", who hid their pigtails under their caps and who ate queer things. Once I was asked to address a woman's club on Chinese culture. At the question period a lady peering through her lorgnette asked whether it was a fact that the Chinese ate rats. I was furious but could not afford to show my feeling, as the club had offered me a good honor-

arium. So I practised indirection by replying to the effect that it was a fact established by social anthropologists that different people in the world had different dietary habits. For example, the people in China understood that Americans liked canine flesh as a delicacy. This was obviously a misunderstanding in semantics, a misinterpretation of the term "hot dogs". This seemed to satisfy the curiosity of the elderly lady with the lorgnette.

In June 1911 at the request of my own bishop, the Rt. Rev. Frederick R. Graves of Shanghai, the Rt. Rev. D. H. Greer, Bishop of New York, advanced me to the Priesthood in a large ordination service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. In the summer of 1912 after having received the degree of B.D. from the General Theological Seminary and Ph.D. from Columbia University, I sailed back for China, to join the faculty of St. John's University in Shanghai.

As a student of limited resources, I had often visited the second-hand bookstores at downtown Union Square. Paper-backs were decades away, and at the secondhand bookstores we could pick up theological books at bargain prices. Once while browsing among the dust-laden shelves, my eyes chanced upon a packet of Chinese books. It turned out to be the Chinese New Testament, in eight thin volumes printed on delicate rice paper much yellowed with age, and bound together in a blue cloth folder, as was the way with old Chinese books. The pages were printed from solid wood blocks, as old Chinese books were before movable types were invented. At the time I did not attach particular importance to the "find". The secondhand dealer did not think much of it and was willing to accept any offer I wished to make. I paid him half a dollar and he was glad to have the strange looking little volumes off his hands. It happened to be one of the rare copies of the first New Testament ever printed in the Chinese language. It was the work of the first Protestant missionary to reach China, Robert Morrison of New Castle, England, who reached Canton, south China in 1807. He devoted the first years in China to the translation of the New Testament into the Chinese language. Not able to have the book printed in China, he had it printed at Malacca in the Dutch East Indies in 1813. Few copies of Morrison's New Testament are still extant. I have

seen a copy in the British Museum in London. I have also seen the photograph of an incomplete copy in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Shanghai. My copy bears on the cover the name of a Rev. J. M. Wright, probably an early missionary among our people and its original owner. There was also a price tag of 5/ — in pencil on the cover, suggesting the possibility that the book had been at a secondhand book dealer's in England. I brought the old Chinese Bible with me back to China in 1912, thus completing a strangely striking journey for the book, a journey that started from Southeast Asia, to England, to America and back to its birthplace on the 100th anniversary of its publication.

The best thing that happened in my American sojourn, 1909-1912, was the opportunity to get acquainted with the Rev. Huie Kin, founder and pastor for half a century of the First Chinese Presbyterian Church in New York City, located on East 31st Street. From the Huie Kin Family came my future wife, Caroline Alida Huie, the third daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Huie Kin.

4. HUIE KIN
by Caroline Huie Tsu

My father, Huie Kin, emigrated to America as a young boy in 1868. He came from the little village of Wing Ning, Perpetual Peace, in Toy Shan District, South China. The fabulous tale of a distant land where streets were paved with blocks of gold ore and a man could, if he were lucky, strike it rich overnight, had traveled around the world and reached the villagers of Wing Ning. Huie Kin had even seen an uncle of his who had returned to the village from that far country, had built a big foreign-style house for his family and had gone away again.

Like other boys, he too dreamed of seeing the wide world beyond the narrow confines of Wing Ning. So when he heard that a sailing vessel was in Hongkong Harbor, bound for the "Old Gold Mountain", nickname for San Francisco, California, even now as then current among the South China folk, Huie Kin decided the time had come for him to act. He begged from his parents and borrowed from relatives enough cash for a passage on the sailing vessel. Together with an older cousin, Huie Kin, fourteen, with his belongings in a bamboo basket, left home, not to return to Wing Ning until half a century later.

After a tediously long sea voyage lasting all of sixty days, they landed on strange shores and were met by Chinese men with pigtails hidden under their caps, and taken in wagons over cobblestone streets to where their clansmen congregated in large numbers, and lived just as if they were in their homeland. The days of welcoming dinners and fascinating sightseeing ended all too soon and Huie Kin was obliged to find work to support himself. He was hired by a German couple on a farm in Oakland. On Sundays he went to church with the German couple, partly to learn English and partly to be on the good side of his employers. They were kind to this eager and ambitious but somewhat uncouth youth from the mysterious orient, probably because they

remembered their own early struggles in the new country. Huie Kin found his way to the Sunday School of the Broadway Presbyterian Church in Oakland, and was befriended by the minister, Dr. James Eels and his wife. Their daughter was to become the wife of Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin, late President of Union Theological Seminary of New York City. Huie Kin brought in other Chinese boys, and in time joined the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Eels suggested to Huie Kin the possibility of his going east to college and preparing for the Ministry. To this he readily agreed. The next few years were spent at Geneva College in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, the Western University of Pennsylvania and Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. Western University of Pennsylvania was the precursor of the University of Pittsburgh. By coincidence a granddaughter of Huie Kin, our daughter Carol Tsu is the wife of Dr. Monto Ho, Professor of Microbiology at the University of Pittsburgh, today.

In 1885 Huie Kin was appointed by the Presbyterian Mission Board to start work among the Chinese people of New York City. At that time the city extended northward as far as the 59th Street only. Beyond it, as Huie Kin recalled, were farms and cowpaths. We used to tease father saying that had he had foresight and bought some of the farm land, now forming a part of the Central Park, the family would have lived like the descendants of some of the early settlers of Manhattan. To this my husband's rejoinder was that in that case he could not have been married into the Huie Family.

My mother, Louise Van Arnam was of Dutch ancestry from Troy, New York. She came to the Chinese Church as a volunteer teacher in the Sunday School and was later appointed by the Presbyterian Board as a missionary among the Chinese people. International marriages were rare in those days, and when the Rev. Huie Kin and Miss Van Arnam were married in the University Place Presbyterian Church by Dr. George Alexander, the veteran Pastor, the event caused quite a stir in the city.

Father's church was located in mid-town, convenient both for

the Chinese students at Columbia and New York University and for the people of Chinatown on Mott Street. Some of the students later became prominent in the affairs of their country, like Mr. Wang Chung-hui, a law student at Yale who became the Minister of Justice under Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Dr. Sun had himself stayed in father's church. He was then plotting a revolution to overthrow the Manchu Government and was busy enlisting the support of overseas Chinese, who like him were from South China and generally anti-Manchu. Dr. Sun and Mr. Wang used to closet themselves in the dormitory above the church on their visits to the city. A room was reserved for their use. When Dr. Sun finally left America, our German maid found the room full of old papers, which she cleared out and burned in the kitchen stove. Had we foreseen the successful conclusion of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's political activities, we probably would have saved the old papers for their historical value. We were later informed that it was the Constitution of the Republic of China that Dr. Sun and Mr. Wang had been working on in their room above the parsonage. Anyway our parents were always to recall with pride that they had entertained Dr. Sun Yat-sen and given him a refuge in those early and hazardous years of his political career.

5. FROM MONARCHY TO REPUBLIC

In the summer of 1912, I returned to China via Europe and Czarist Russia. The journey across the vast plains of Siberia was monotonous except for the stops at the larger railway stations, where we could replenish our food supply. Peasant women, seeming to come from nowhere, brought to the stations for sale delicious fried chicken, melons and fruits, and warm creamy milk in earthen jugs. We entered China through the city of Harbin which was partly Chinese and partly Russian in population. Having been away from my homeland for three years, I felt good to be among my own people again.

A great change had taken place during my absence. In 1909 when I left for America, China was a monarchy; when I returned in 1912, it had become a republic. For 300 years we were under the Manchus, who had come down from Manchuria and in the eyes of the Chinese people, they were aliens. Now the country had returned to home rule.

Years of turbulent unrest marked the final decade of the Manchu Dynasty. The defeat in 1895 at the hand of little Japan was the mortal blow signalling the beginning of the end. Emperor Kwang Hsu, under the guidance of Reformer K'ang Yu-wei, made feverish attempts for reform, in what is known in modern Chinese history as "the Hundred Days of Reform", but it was too little and too late. As I wrote of that time:

> "The year 1898 saw the abortive launching of political and social reforms by Emperor Kwang Hsu in collaboration with K'ang Yu-wei, which brought upon them the fury of reactionary Empress Dowager and resulted in the virtual imprisonment of the Emperor. Two years later, in 1900 came the upheaval of the Boxer Uprising, the humiliation of the Imperial Court, and its

ignominious flight to faraway Si An. When the Empress Dowager returned to Peking, she was a wiser woman and espoused the cause of reform. 1904-5 came the Russo-Japanese War, and the spectacular victory of Japan over the northern octopus stirred the hearts of all Asiatic peoples with new hopes and dreams for the future. In 1908 the Imperial Court announced a programme for the gradual transformation of the government into a constitutional monarchy. Then occurred the mysterious death of Emperor Kwang Hsu simultaneously with that of the Empress Dowager. With the strong hand of the old lady withdrawn from the helm, the ship of state drifted into a condition which set the stage for the Revolution of 1911." (Extract from *China Through Chinese Eyes*, 1922)

With the establishment of the new Republic, the national psychology underwent a climactic change. The wholesale abandonment of the custom-honored "pigtail" by the men folk was symbolic. A sense of release from the past and hopefulness for the future pervaded the nation. There came an outburst of new energy in the form of social reform movements, in education and in literary output. It was in this atmosphere that I entered with enthusiasm into the work of teaching at St. John's University, my *alma mater*. A new group of American teachers arrived at the same time to reinforce the faculty, including Rev. William P. Roberts and his brother Mr. Donald Roberts, Mr. C. F. Remer, Mr. Joseph Putnam, Mr. John Ely, Mr. Harley MacNair, Mr. James Pott and his brother Mr. William Pott, sons of President F. L. Hawks Pott. Mr. MacNair and I were assigned to Mann Hall, a student dormitory and we were supposed to keep an eye on the conduct of the undergraduates. But being ourselves young in age and in spirit, we kept the duty of supervision to a minimum and enjoyed the company of the lively undergraduates. Among the students then living in Mann Hall was Mr. H. T. Wei, an outstanding all-round athlete who is now a prominent business executive in Taiwan.

St. John's was in its heyday of popularity and we basked in its well deserved prestige as one of the best colleges in the land. Hundreds of young men flocked to it for higher education and it enjoyed the staunch support of its alumni. With their help several new buildings were put up during the next few years, including the gymnasium and swimming pool, the library and the Social Hall. I taught both in the college and in the theological school. In the latter we had the largest enrolment in its history. Among the theological students were T. K. Shen and Kimber Den who became bishops in the Church in later life. Lin Yutang was in the theological school for a time. Another member was P'u Hua-jen who later gave up the Ministry and joined the Chinese Communist Party. The theological students were leaders in the religious life of the college and in evangelistic work in the village community in our neighborhood.

Those were the years of the Literary Renaissance, started in 1917 by Dr. Hu Shih and a group of professors at the National Peking University. They advocated the use of *pai hua*, the mandarin vernacular or northern dialect, as a literary medium, in place of the old classic form or *wen-li*, which had become stultified and alienated from the everyday life of the people. The innovation was not entirely new, as Chinese novels had been written in the free style in the earlier centuries, but the Peking National University group gave immense momentum to the movement, just at a time when the nationalistic wave was at its high tide. Many magazines appeared in the new medium, an outstanding one among which was the *Hsin Ching Nien* or *La Jeunesse* Monthly. I recall devouring its contents avidly both for their timely discussion of contemporary questions and their fresh stimulating style. Among the writers I admired was Professor Chen Tu-siu for his earnest advocacy of high social morality and his lucid analysis of national problems. In one article in *La Jeunesse* he exposed fearlessly the shortcomings of our traditional culture and by way of contrast, he praised the ethical teachings and example of Jesus, such as his sympathy for the common folk, his spirit of self-sacrifice and emphasis on forgiveness. In support of his thesis, Professor Chen quoted copious passages from the Gospels in the New Testament. I thought he was "not far from the Kingdom." At the time I did not know that Professor Chen Tu-siu was to be the

founder and first secretary of the Chinese Communist Party, which came into existence shortly afterwards in 1921.

The Buddhist Religion was also experiencing a revival. I have always been interested in Buddhism. My maternal grandmother was a devout Buddhist. She never refused any call for help, saying "not a single coin given to the needy is lost." Buddhism was the traditional faith of a majority of the Chinese people. Buddhist metaphysics and literature had a profound attraction for the intellectual class. But popular Buddhism had degenerated into superstitious practices and commercialism, and the monastic order had fallen into disrepute.

Then we began to read about Tai Hsu Fa Sze, a Buddhist monk of great learning and a zealous defender of the Faith. He was advocating a reformation movement among the Buddhists to make their religion relevant for modern times and thinking, reforms in the monastic order and temple worship, and an aggressive social program for promoting the welfare of the people in accordance with the Buddhist teaching of universal benevolence. To work out these proposals, there was formed under his leadership the "Bodhi Society" of Buddhist monks and laymen. The Society published a monthly magazine with the striking title, *Hai Ch'ao Yin*, Voice of Sea Waves. It contained theological expositions, apologia for the Buddhist faith, stories of Buddhist saints, conversions, poems. In his autobiography, Tai Hsu Fa Sze likened his discovery of the teachings of Buddha to finding the "Pearl of Great Price," lost and regained. In the light of the teachings, he was enabled, as in a mirror, to see with clarity through the vanity and vicissitudes of this mortal existence and passing world. "The wish," he wrote, "gradually took shape within my heart to apply the Law of Buddha for the harmonizing of ancient and modern philosophies and of the life of the East and of the West, and to lead the nations of the whole world in the way of Sakyamuni's teachings. Through circumstances favorable and unfavorable, whether engaged in mundane affairs or retired in lonely hermitage, this wish has not for one moment been permitted to leave my consciousness." With a note of pathos, he concluded, "If I should fail to attain

this goal, I would reconcile myself to a life of wandering mendicancy, leaning upon the mercy of Buddha, unto the journey's end."

I was one of a small group of Christians who followed this Buddhist preacher around as he visited Shanghai and spoke to his people, in large mass meetings or in the privacy of his study. His fervor and scholarship attracted us, and we sought to understand the secret of his motivation. I was in doubt about the ultimate success of this Buddhist revival, as I wrote at the time:

> "As yet this spiritual revival in Chinese Buddhism has reached only a small and select group of educated monks and lay people. The vast majority of the estimated 400,000 monks and 10,000 nuns, and the uncounted millions of lay Buddhists in the land are untouched by it. They continue their religious life in the conventional way....and trust the magic password of "Namo Omito Fo" (Praise to Buddha Amita) for entry into the "Western Paradise." The reformers have a heavy task to purify and vitalize this faith of the multitude. Will the revival succeed in transforming Buddhism to meet the changed conditions and demands of modern life? One feels that the essential pessimistic spirit of Buddhism and its concept of the worthlessness of life are fundamentally incompatible to the spirit of the modern age. Buddhist reformers are trying hard to find a way out of the dilemma, and their probable course is to return to Sakyamuni's ethics of the Middle Way....But the question remains, What is the goal of the ethical life in a system that denies human personality and social reality? When one reviews the work of the reformers, so heroic and devoted in their efforts to stem the tide of disintegration and to restore the ancient glory of their religion in a new age, one senses in them a feeling of loneliness and the absence of genuine hope and zest...." (Excerpts from an article in *Journal of Religion*)

Politically the first few years of the new Republic were full of ups and downs. Dr. Sun Yat-sen had succeeded in overturning the Manchu Dynasty but was unable to hold the country together. He gave way to the Strong Man of the North, Yuan Shih Kai, who assumed the Presidency of the Republic from 1912 to 1916. In his retirement Dr. Sun devoted himself to writing. He was working on the "International Development of China," a book which he published in 1920. Some of us were invited to collaborate with him. For several months we met once a week at his house in Shanghai to go over his manuscript, chapter by chapter, ending the evening together in a delightful supper. The group consisted of Dr. David Yui, General Secretary of the National Y.M.C.A., T. Z. Koo and John Y. Lee, colleagues of Dr. Yui, Chiang Mon-lin and myself. Dr. Sun was a student of geopolitics. He had made himself familiar with China's river systems, its coastal topography, climatic conditions, mineral resources, and had built up a comprehensive plan for the construction of seaports, railway communications, dams and reservoirs for the development of the country's economic and military strength.

In 1920 I was given a fellowship for graduate study at the Union Theological Seminary, New York. This was followed by three years of service with the International Y.M.C.A. for work among foreign students in American colleges, with special responsibility for Chinese students. The Chinese students had an organization of their own, the Chinese Students Christian Association, for short, C.S.C.A., founded in 1910 by C. T. Wang, David Yui and others while they were at college in America. The Association worked through local chapters at the larger student centers, and in cooperation with the International Y.M.C.A. and friends in the college communities carried on an active program, which included regional summer conferences. For three years 1921-1924, I served as Executive Secretary of the Association. In 1949 at the time of the Communist Revolution in China, the C.S.C.A. came under suspicion as being utilized by persons with communist leanings and was obliged to disband.

6. PEKING

The years Mrs. Tsu and I spent in Peking were among the happiest, partly because Peking was a fascinating city, probably the most interesting of all in China from the standpoint of history and culture, and partly because it was in Peking that we started our family life, and all our four children were born there. I had known Miss Caroline Huie since my student days in Columbia University. The home of the Rev. and Mrs. Huie Kin was noted for its hospitality and the Huie sisters were very popular among Chinese students. In 1919 Caroline came out to Shanghai to join the Y.W.C.A. work, when we had an opportunity to renew our acquaintance. We attended together the Student Volunteer Movement Conference in Indianapolis, Indiana, in the winter of 1923, became engaged soon afterwards and were married in New York on February 2nd, 1924, at the First Presbyterian Church, by the veteran Minister, Dr. George Alexander.

I had received an invitation from Mr. Roger S. Greene, Executive Secretary of the China Medical Board to join the new Peking Union Medical College, for social and religious work. Mrs. Tsu and I reached Peking in the summer of 1924. Dr. Henry S. Houghton was the Director of the College. It was the outstanding medical college in the country, with an impressive complex of buildings in the grand style of the imperial palaces for which Peking has been noted.

My main responsibility was to serve as chaplain for the college community. Mrs. Tsu and I came to know most of the students well during their years at the college and the school of nursing. It has been a source of great satisfaction and pleasure to us to meet the graduates in after years in their various fields of service at home and abroad. An outstanding group of doctors and nurses under the leadership of Dr. Loo Chih Teh heads the National Defense Medical Center in Taipei, Taiwan.

One of my duties was to conduct the Sunday Worship Service in the college auditorium. The auditorium was located in front of the main entrance of the campus, and was an exquisite example of palace architecture with green glazed tile roofs, brilliantly painted eaves, mandarin red pillars and carved white marble balustrades. The worship service, primarily intended for the students and faculty members, became a feature in the religious life of the Peking community, and was attended each Sunday by large numbers of missionaries, business people, members of the Government and of the embassies. Among those in regular attendance was Dr. John C. Ferguson, an old resident of Peking and noted authority on Chinese art, who had his usual seat in the front row, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mary Ferguson. The service was simple and dignified, and the sermons or addresses were given by visiting preachers and myself.

The second year I was in Peking, in 1925 Dr. Sun Yat-sen entered the college hospital for treatment. He died there and was given a state funeral of mammoth proportions as befitting one who was the First President of the Republic. Preceding the state funeral, a Christian Memorial Service was held in the college auditorium, at the request of his widow, Madame Sun, with Dr. Tingfang T. Lew of Yenching University and myself officiating. The platform was filled with an embankment of floral tributes surmounted by a picture of Dr. Sun. It was a fitting testimonial to him who was closely identified with the Christian Church.

My family occupied a comfortable house with a private garden on the campus. Here our children spent their early years. David our first-born arrived on February 19, 1925. Robert came next on March 21, 1927. The third child was a girl, Carol, who joined the family on December 13, 1928, and our youngest son was Kin born on September 13, 1931. They were all given high sounding Chinese names. David's was *Teh Wei*, Virtue Heroic; Robert's *Tao Hung*, Teaching Magnificent; Carol's *Hui Min*, Wisdom Bright; and Kin's *Hsueh Yuan*, Learning Profound.

Our four children had different personalities. David was quiet and thoughtful. While very young, he surprised his mother by

asking, "Why did God create us?" and before she could think of an answer, he supplied it himself, "Because he was lonely," which theologically might not be wide of the mark. Robert was a rolypoly little fellow, who wanted to be a rickshaman when he grew up. He loved to run and romp and thought it would be great fun to pull a ricksha and run all day long and be paid for it. But he outgrew the childish notion and eventually became a clergyman instead. Carol, so called because she came to us near Christmas, was mother's delight and little helper with a sisterly concern for her brothers. Kin, called after his maternal grandfather, Huie Kin, was the liveliest of all, mentally and physically, and was nicknamed by the other children "Little Dynamo." He once told his mother that he did not believe prayer was of any use. It came out that he had lost his toy motorboat and had prayed for its recovery but without result. This led to a little discussion in which the boy was led to see the difference between God and a policeman.

Peking was a great place for Chinese antiques. For centuries it had been the seat of the Imperial Court and had attracted the best in Chinese artistic creation — porcelains, jades, lacquers, paintings, calligraphy. A whole street outside Chienmen Gate in the south city, known as Liu Li Ch'ang, was given over to antique shops. Many fine *objets d'art* came out of the Imperial Palace through the cupidity of eunuchs and from princely houses due to the vicissitudes of political fortune. According to an old tradition, only articles of mediocre quality could be seen in the front room of the shops or in the street windows. Those of higher quality were kept in an inner room for discerning eyes, and the best pieces were reserved for favorite customers or experts recognized by the shop owner, in a *sanctum sanctorum*, to which admission was by invitation. In addition to the antique shops on Liu Li Ch'ang, there were certain teahouses frequented by the antique dealers, where they displayed their ware for trade and exchange among themselves. Here excellent bargains could be picked up by those with trained eyes.

A few of the staff members at the Peking Union Medical College, like Dr. Wu Hsien, Dr. Robert Lim and myself became interested in Chinese porcelains through acquaintance with Mr. Wu

Lai-hsi, an authority on the porcelains of Ming Dynasty. He was credited with having identified the characteristics of the blue and white ware of the Hsuen Te Period, 1426-1435, of Ming Dynasty. Out of love for porcelains, Mr. Wu Lai-hsi gave his expert advice to his friends freely, and we became his eager disciples.

One of the most knowledgeable Chinese in the field of Chinese arts and crafts in my acquaintance is Mr. Sammy Yukuan Lee, formerly of Peking and now of Tokyo, Japan. He is recognized as an outstanding expert on antique Chinese lacquerware and Chinese rugs.

In the summer of 1926, I had the privilege of meeting Professor Rufus Jones of Haverford College for the first time. He had come to China to give a series of lectures, and a group of Christian workers took advantage of his presence and met with him in a sort of *ashram* on Tai Shan, our Sacred Mountain on the eastern seaboard. Dr. Henry Hodgkin got us together, David Yui and L. T. Chen of the National Y.M.C.A., Frank Rawlinson, Editor of the missionary magazine, *The Recorder*, R. O. Hall of the Student Christian Movement, now Bishop of Hongkong, E. C. Lobenstine of the National Christian Council, Eugene Barnett of the Hangchow Y.M.C.A., William Hung of Yenching University and several others.

Dr. Jones guided our discussion of the theme, "What it is to be a Christian." He presented what he called the five historical interpretations of the person of Jesus, the Galilean, the Aegean or Pauline, the Greek or Johannean, the Latin or Augustinian, and the Vital or Incarnational. Henry Hodgkin asked if it would not have been better, had the missionaries brought the Galilean picture of the Christ to the Chinese, rather than the developed theology of the West, and had let him call forth the Chinese response, instead of making claims for him which Jesus himself did not make. This started the ball of discussion rolling.

It was a time of spiritual renewal and Christian fellowship, and made a deep impression on all of us. Tai Shan rises almost abruptly six thousand feet above sea level on the plain of the Shantung Peninsula, and on a clear day the coastline a hundred

fifty miles away is visible from the mountain top. The highest temple on the summit is dedicated to the Jade Emperor of Heaven, a Taoist deity. Buddhist temples are found on the lower levels, probably indicating the historical sequence of occupation, as Buddhism was a late comer compared to the native Taoist Religion.

On a subsequent visit to Tai Shan, I witnessed a sunrise at the Temple of the Jade Emperor at the summit, a tourist attraction for which Tai Shan was famed. For this, one had to get to the temple the evening before. Long before daybreak, I was up and seated on the huge rock which marked the pinnacle of the mountain, shivering in a blanket, for it was bitterly cold up there. The moment finally came for the first rays of the young sun to peep over the edge of the eastern horizon. The sky was cloudless and I could even see the shimmering reflections on the waves of the ocean far away. When the big round disk of the sun appeared over the ocean's edge, its rays shot upward at an angle of forty-five degrees and I found my own shadow blown into immense proportions and thrown upon the screen of the clouds above the summit. I waved my arms and the shadowy figure waved its arms in response. It was a most dramatic sight and it was the nearest approach to heaven I ever made.

Down on the plain was the town of Ch'u Fu, the birthplace of Confucius, where an ornate temple was dedicated to the memory of the "First Teacher of the Nation." In the Confucian Classics there is a passage, saying that Confucius once ascended Tai Shan and thought how small the universe looked. Up on Tai Shan there was a stone marking the spot where Confucius stood twenty-five centuries ago and made that remark. It was a thrilling experience for one to stand beside the stone, as I did all alone one evening, wondering what other words Confucius might have said on that climb up the mountain and which of his disciples accompanied him. In the far distance, in the little town on the plain, little specks of light multiplied in the spreading darkness.

7. VOLUNTEERING IN INNER MONGOLIA

In the summer of 1928 a long drought brought great suffering to the people of Suiyuan Province in Inner Mongolia. I gave up my vacation and volunteered as a relief worker under the auspices of the China International Famine Relief Commission, for short, the C.I.F.R.C. The Commission had its headquarters in Peking. For several years, Dr. W. W. Yen, our veteran diplomat and ambassador, was the Chairman and Mr. Y. S. Djang its all-efficient Executive Secretary and Mr. O. J. Todd, the resourceful American engineer in charge of reclamation projects. Among members of the Commission were Dr. Y. T. Tsur, Mr. Dwight Edwards, Mr. S. T. King and myself.

It was my first visit to the north region and it was both thrilling and frightening to find oneself alone in the limitless expanse of a semi-desert plateau, spreading perfectly flat in all directions as far as the eyes could see, until the horizon merged with the cloudless blue sky. Warm in the sun in daytime, the weather could be extremely chilly by nightfall even in the summer. The natives wore padded garments and sheepskin overcoats almost the year round. They knew little about personal hygiene and cared less. As a result their clothing became the habitat of a variety of little creeping parasites, including the dread lice, carriers of the deadly typhus, that periodically overtook the northern population in epidemic proportions.

I was assigned to a certain area for the registration of local families to receive relief food, corn donated by the American Red Cross. The only public building was the Hai Lung Huang Miao, Temple of the Sea Dragon King, that stood in its weather-beaten solitude on the vast plateau. He was the most popular local deity for he was supposed to control rainfall. The main hall of the temple, the doors of which opened into the front court, became the registration office and many people were to go through it. Back of it was a smaller room, which was turned into a bed-

room where I set up my folding camp-cot.

With the help of local scribes we registered hundreds of villagers, who appeared seemingly from nowhere, Chinese farmers and Mongol tribesmen with their womenfolk and many children. Each family was given a ticket with which it could collect the corn at a storage depot, according to its size. To transport the grain, we approached Father A. Verstraeten, the Catholic priest at Hsio Pa Li Kai, Small Eight Mile Village. He was a genial but authoritarian gentleman of Belgian nationality, slim and tall, with a scanty dark beard and wearing a black Chinese gown. Looked up to by the local people as their spiritual father and village chief, his every word was promptly and cheerfully obeyed. His village presented the only green patch on the vast plateau that could be seen from a distance. The priest had, through the years he had been stationed there, developed an irrigation system with deep wells which had kept the fields green and trees growing even during periods of drought. He also had a private brewery to supply him with beer.

When we made known to the priest our need for carts to transport the grain, he issued the word to the village heads, and within a short time they had gathered before him. Seating himself in a big chair and puffing at his long bamboo pipe that reached almost to the floor, he introduced us to the villagers and told them that we had come all the way from Peking on this mission of mercy and needed their help. The next morning the mule carts and their owners were assembled in front of the church ready to haul the relief corn. It was a good object lesson for us, Protestants, of the discipline and efficiency of the Jesuit organization and the extent of its missionary outreach.

I did not mind the daytime in that strange land, but the nights alone in the temple of the Sea Dragon King were ominous and spookish, with no other humans around and without any sign of human habitation within earshot, not even the distant barking of dogs. One evening on disrobing for the night, I discovered a couple of lice enmeshed in my thick woolen socks. They had flat elongated bodies and short clumsy legs, so that they crawled sluggishly. For the ensuing fortnight I waited anxiously

for symptoms of the dread typhus, but fortunately the incubation period passed with nothing happening. For a time I kept the little biological specimens in a matchbox as souvenirs of a frightening experience, in which I felt like a person condemned to death, or at least scared to death.

In the summer of 1931, we visited Suiyuan Province again to witness the official opening of the Satochu Irrigation System that Mr. O. J. Todd had built with relief labor. The system tapped the waters of the Yellow River on the principle of gravitation and was designed to carry the life-giving waters to a million acres of semi-arid farmland. A thousand people were there for the ceremony and to hear the Governor of the province eulogize the work of Mr. Todd and thank the American people for their generous help.

I took a side trip to the town of Paotou and from its junk shops collected specimens of what were known among antique dealers as Nestorian Crosses. They are bronze pieces of various shapes and embellishments in the general form of the cross. Their original use is unknown, but the theory is that they were personal seals used as markers of ownership, such as in sealing the Mongols' tent flaps with a lump of clay. Each cross is provided with a ring at the back, which suggests that it was attached to the owner's belt with a bit of string. These crosses were found in the sands of the Mongolian desert and the cruciform shape suggested Christian influence. As Nestorian missionaries were known to have reached Mongolia in the early centuries, they became known as Nestorian Crosses. I also secured pieces shaped like birds with spread wings and fish with symbolic designs on the body. They were no longer used as seals by the local inhabitants but were collectors' items.

8. SHANGHAI

I spent the academic year 1930-1931 in America as a visiting lecturer on oriental religions and cultures, the fall term at the Pacific School of Religion, in Berkeley, California and the spring term at the General Theological Seminary in New York City. In those days the Manchurian Question was uppermost in the minds of the American people. The League of Nations was trying to find a peaceful solution of the quarrel between China and Japan. Ultimately it led to the Sino-Japanese War of 1937-1945, in which America was itself involved. I had a number of public debates with Japanese speakers. And how the American audiences loved to watch two oriental antagonists exchanging verbal blows at each other! Generally the Japanese speakers and I met afterwards for a social hour in quite a friendly manner. One Japanese was the prominent Christian leader, Dr. Nitobe of Tokyo with whom I was personally acquainted. Another was a Japanese-American Nisei, who had been brought back to Japan for special training for the propaganda work. He told me that it was his first visit to his ancestral land and he was much surprised that there were so many Japanese in the world.

While conducting worship services at St. Clement's Episcopal Church, Berkeley, California one Sunday, I was waited on by a committee of the Vestry with an invitation to be their rector. This was the first time, I believe, in California or anywhere else in America, when a Chinese clergyman was asked to serve an Episcopalian parish. St. Clement's was a parish of modest size, with beautiful buildings of Spanish architecture in a quiet residential area. I was much attracted by the call but felt obliged to decline it, as I should spend my life among my own people in China.

Several calls had come from China, among them the National Red Cross Society, St. John's University, the National Christian Council, and a community welfare agency in Shanghai. Eventu-

ally I accepted service with the National Christian Council for a period of two years. With the National Christian Council my time was mostly spent in attending conferences at home and abroad, which involved much travelling. One trip took me to South China and the Philippines, for a conference in Canton, China on comity and cooperation among churches, and the Biennial Meeting of the Federation of Churches in Manila, Philippines. Of conditions and personalities in those places, over thirty years ago, it is interesting to read what I wrote at the time:

> "*The Philippines*. it is a beautiful land, deserving the name of 'Pearl of the Southern Pacific.' The American administration has done wonders in public education and economic development. Every barrio has its school house and every child a chance to attend school. Everybody speaks English of the Filipino variety. A visitor is especially impressed by the cordial spirit that exists between Filipinos and Americans, in striking contrast to the strained relation in other colonial lands. The Filipinos are a charming people, vivacious, convivial and hospitable. Nature is so generous and the elementary needs of life are so easily satisfied in the tropics, that the people are inclined to be easy-going. Chinese settlers schooled in the strenuous life of a colder climate are apt to prove keen competitors. Government statistics show 98% of the rice trade and 80% of retail business in Chinese hands. I had the privilege of meeting a number of the leading members of the Chinese community in Manila, Dr. Albino Z. Sycip, banker, and his brother, Mr. Alfonso Sycip, President of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Dee C. Chuan, known as the 'Lumber King,' Dr. Ho Seng Huan, Physician and Mr. M. Bubla, Attorney.
>
> "Chinese cultural influence must have reached the islands at an early date. Pottery of the Sung

and Yuan Dynasties, 12th-14th centuries, has been found in abundance in ancient tombs in Cebu and elsewhere. Mountain folk like the Tinguians keep old Chinese jars as family heirlooms and Filipinos of my acquaintance, like Dr. Bantug and Dr. Palencia take to the expensive hobby of collecting Chinese antique porcelains. There is a small Chinese collection in the University Museum.

"The Philippine Federation of Churches is energetically grappling with the problem of closer collaboration in missionary work and it is fortunate in having the leadership of men like Dean Bocoho of the University Law School as President, the Rev. E. K. Higdon as General Secretary, the Rev. E. C. Sobrepena as Religious Education Secretary. Their task is simpler than ours in China. Only nine Protestant societies have work in the Islands, three of which — the United Brethren, American Board and Presbyterian — are already merged in the United Evangelical Church. We have in China no-one-knows-exactly-how-many separate missionary bodies, certainly not fewer than one hundred.

"*Canton, South China.* Old walled Canton is gone. In its place is a modern city of wide asphalt streets, covered sidewalks, buses, real estate boom and cinemas showing the latest Hollywood undress. But the neat little sampans bobbing dexterously up and down the water front and the bare-footed working women with their heavy loads remind one that native life has remained unchanged in spite of the new physical aspects.

"Down in the countryside, women are the toilers and carriers. In more than one sense they are the bearers of the burden of humanity. Very

picturesque are these rural womenfolk, with little black aprons and huge bamboo-basket-like sunhats tied to their chins with red ribbons, a bit of finery about which they are very particular. Long lines of them are to be seen on country roads with baskets of farm produce balanced on poles which they shift from one shoulder to the other. Rarely are men seen among the carriers, or in the fields.

"I was down in the country to call on the Rev. Huie Kin's elder brother. The grand old man, 86 years of age, is a regular village patriarch of the Old Testament type, eyes undimmed, reading without the aid of glasses and writing a steady hand. His younger brother, Rev. Huie Kin went abroad in his youth and returned to China at the age of 80. He had at the time a family of forty-five children and grandchildren, which was considered a good record. But the elder brother who had remained on the old farmstead all his life, had at the age of 86, no less than 80 descendants unto the fourth generation. His wife at 83 was doing all her housework. These Huies must be a sturdy stock.

"Canton is an important landmark in the history of Christianity in China. Here Robert Morrison started his work in 1807. The conference on comity and cooperation under the chairmanship of Mr. K. M. Wong brought together an influential gathering of Chinese and missionary leaders like Archdeacon Mok, Dr. Y. S. Tom, Dr. Chiu Koon Hai, Bishop R. O. Hall, Dr. A. J. Fisher, Dr. J. S. Kunkle and foreign visitors like Mr. Kenneth MacLennan of Great Britain and Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa of Japan. Mr. MacLennan struck the keynote when he said that the age of isolation in Christian missionary work was past.

"*Hongkong*. As one looks at the beautiful city of Hongkong from aboard a passing ship, especially at night when the lights are on, one is vividly reminded of the scriptural allusion, 'Ye are the light of the world; a city built on the hill.' The houses are perched on the hillsides and the higher the climb the higher the social strata. On our motor tour arranged by Dr. Katie Woo, President of St. Paul's Girls College, we passed magnificent Chinese residences. Some of these house fine art collections, one of which belonging to Mr. Lum the bank president, I had the pleasure of visiting. Dr. Katie Woo has the unique distinction of being the only Chinese woman honoured by the British Crown and made a Member of the Most Distinguished Order of the British Empire (M.B.E.) in 1926, in recognition of her services as an educator.

"I had addressed the Canton Rotary Club on the modern study of Chinese Culture, referring especially to the archaeological excavations and discoveries of Dr. Li Chi. The Rotary Club of Hongkong asked me to repeat the address. In that way I met Dean Middleton Smith and Professor G. A. C. Herklots of Hongkong University. Professor Herklots, who is Editor of the *Hongkong Naturalist*, told me about the work in the field of archaeology done by Professor J. L. Shellshear, D. J. Finn, S.J. and others in South China. In Hongkong and the nearby island Lamma, they have found pottery and bronzes of the Han Dynasty and stone implements going back to the Shang and Chou Dynasties."

One summer I visited Karuizawa, Japan, to attend a meeting of the Federation of Christian Missions in Japan. Mrs. Tsu was with me and we stayed in the beautiful summer home of Miss Emma Kaufman of the Japanese Y.W.C.A. The "Oriental Culture Summer Institute" was holding its sessions in Karuizawa.

Its aim was to inform Western visitors about Japan. I was invited to address the Institute on an occasion when the Japanese Ambassador to Washington, D.C., Mr. Sato, and General Araki, a former war minister in the Japanese Imperial Cabinet were also to be speakers. It was a time of great tension between Japan and China over the question of Manchuria.

They spoke beautifully about international understanding and peaceful relations among nations, in general abstract terms, but when dealing with concrete issues, like the Manchurian question, they invariably switched to the position that Japan was in the right and was misunderstood, maligned and judged unjustly. Ambassador Sato who spoke excellent English, an exception among Japanese, said that the fear that Japan was the aggressor on the Asiatic mainland was, in his choice phrase, "a gratuitous fear." In my address I referred to the Ambassador's phrase as a "master stroke" in the use of the English language. General Araki spoke on the ideals of Bushido, the spirit of the Warrior, with eloquence, but concerning the quarrel with China over Manchuria, he roundly condemned Japan's critics, by saying, as quoted in the press, "I fear anybody who dared to raise objection to our action in Manchuria would be actuated only by his own blind ego."

I declined the call to the General Secretaryship of the National Council, vacated by the veteran Dr. Cheng Ching-yi after a service of twenty years, because I felt more inclined to working with people in a personal way rather than spending my time attending conferences and addressing shifting audiences. So when President Pott renewed his invitation for me to return to St. John's University, I rejoined the faculty in the spring of 1935. In so doing, I became once more closely associated with the work of my Church, the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, the Holy Catholic Church of China. Thus I wrote to a friend:

> "Fifteen years ago, in 1920 I withdrew from St. John's, and carrying my worldly possessions in a knapsack, so to speak, for I was a lone bachelor, wandered all over the world. Now I am retracing my steps and a warm welcome awaits

> the "prodigal son," but not me alone, for I am going back with a good wife and four fast growing children." (Letter dated January 3, 1935)

In August the family moved down from Peking and we settled in a comfortable house on the east side of the Soochow Creek opposite the main campus. Our immediate neighbors were Professor and Mrs. James Pott. While very much missing old Peking, our children readily adjusted to the life of metropolitan Shanghai, and picked up the local dialect. David, ten, and Robert, eight, were big enough to go on bicycles to Miss Nyi's Chueh Min School at Bubblingwell about two miles away. Miss Nyi, a graduate of St. Mary's Hall, had developed Chueh Min School into one of the best private schools in town. Carol, six, and Kin, four, attended the faculty children's elementary school and kindergarten on the campus.

In 1935 for the first time in its history, St. John's University admitted girl students to its classes. Mrs. Tsu was made Dean of Women to look after the boarding girl students. It was quite a novel experience for the men students to find the front row in the classroom occupied by brightly dressed young ladies, and the latter no doubt took special pain to appear in their best, as it was a new experience for them to study with the college boys. Before long the novelty wore off and the boys had to work harder as the girls usually did well in their studies.

Shortly after the family got settled in Shanghai, we took a trip to Nanking, our national capital, to visit the Chung Shan Ling, the Sun Yat-sen Mausoleum on Purple Mountain outside the city. It was completed in 1929 in honour of the First President of the Republic, who died in Peking in 1925. This was our children's first visit to Chung Shan Ling and it created a deep impression upon their young minds, comparable to a first visit for American children to the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia. The park was beautifully laid out on the southern slope of Purple Mountain with a panoramic view of green valleys and distant hills in front. The Mausoleum was approached by a broad stairway of stone steps. We entered the stately Main Hall with tall red pillars, surmounted by a large plaque bearing Dr. Sun's

classic motto, in four large characters, "The World A Commonwealth." Through a corridor we entered the massive granite rotunda, at the center of which was the Sarcophagus. Before leaving, the children lined themselves in front of the Mausoleum, with their father and mother standing behind, and solemnly gave the salute and chanted the National Anthem, "San Min Chu I." Then they marched down the hundred steps of the stairway in silence.

9. THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR, 1937-1945

On August 13, 1937 the Sino-Japanese conflict which had been brewing for years, broke out in open warfare when Japan launched a naval and aerial bombardment of Shanghai, our most important seaport and the gateway to Nanking, the Capital. The conflict had become acute back in 1931 when Japan seized Manchuria, the Three Eastern Provinces and made it the bogus state of Manchukuo with the ex-Emperor Pu-yi as the head. He was the last of the Manchu emperors that ruled from Peking and abdicated when the Republic was formed in 1911. Japan then proceeded to build a powerful industrial-military complex on the mainland as the base for her Pacific adventure which at one time reached Pearl Harbour to the east, Australia to the south and Burma and Dutch East Indies to the southwest. A year earlier, Japan took a further step in trying to cut off five more of China's northern provinces, adjacent to Manchuria and demanded that China accord them autonomy. President Chiang played for time by negotiation to avoid a military confrontation. But when Japan attacked Shanghai, President Chiang was forced to break diplomatic relations and threw his best troops into the defense of Shanghai. In spite of great odds, the Chinese army put up a heroic stand and thus upset the enemy's timetable to reach Nanking in a week.

As an illustration of the severity of Japan's attack, the Japanese Domei News Agency in its Tokyo report dated November 2, 1937, stated that on October 25-27 a total of 850 Japanese planes took part in air attacks, dropping 2,526 bombs which weighed a total of 164 tons. Fifty of her warships were engaged in the Shanghai battle, including two of her largest vessels of 33,000 tonnage each, and at least 150,000 troops were deployed around Shanghai. For weeks this huge enemy force was contained in the Shanghai sector by the Chinese army. On November 10th, the defenders were obliged to withdraw. Concerning the terrible suffering of the people, I wrote at the time:

"For three long months we lived day and night in the midst of the racket of machine guns, naval shelling and aerial bombing. On November 10th the last battalion of Chinese defenders withdrew, leaving a silence over the countryside like unto the silence of death.

"Terrible as the material destructions have been, the suffering brought on the millions of civilian population in the fighting area beggars description. The International Settlement of Shanghai with a normal population of a million and a half has to care for 750,000 refugees, of whom 250,000 were destitute. I have visited several refugee camps crowded with men, women and children, once independent farming folk, now utterly in want. In one camp a violent epidemic of measles was raging among the children. Parent after parent with little ones dying in their laps appealed wearily for help, but the doctors and nurses were overworked and there was a shortage of drugs. One mother told me that she had lost three boys in a single week and the last one alive was deathly pale through malnutrition."

Our house was located east of Soochow Creek and in Japanese occupied territory, and so we had to abandon it and move away, leaving behind our heavy furniture like the children's piano and some of my antiques. When we later went back to it, it had been thoroughly ransacked.

Shanghai at that time consisted of two distinct entities, Shanghai Proper known as the "Native City" and the so-called "International Settlement." In the middle of last century, as a result of China's defeat in the Opium War with England, Shanghai was made one of five open ports where foreign traders could reside. A special area had been set apart, some distance from the native city, for the foreign merchants to settle in and run their own affairs. It became known as the "International Settlement."

This arrangement was quite satisfactory to the Chinese authorities as it obviated the necessity of their having to deal with the foreigners with their strange languages and customs. Chinese people attracted by the opportunity to trade with the foreigners moved into the Settlement and in times of political disturbance such as the Tai Ping Rebellion, sought refuge therein. Originally set apart for foreigners, the Settlement thus gradually acquired a Chinese population and grew in size and prosperity, even overshadowing in economic importance the Shanghai City Proper.

In the Sino-Japanese War, the British and American citizens in Shanghai had enjoyed a neutral status until after Pearl Harbour. They were thus able to carry on their missionary work within the limits of the International Settlement, the neutral status of which was recognized by Japan. St. John's University situated on the border of the Settlement, partly within and partly outside it, had a hard time to keep going. For a time all classes had to be suspended on its campus and moved to temporary quarters inside the Settlement. The credit for maintaining its work under severe wartime conditions was due to Dean William Z. L. Sung, who later succeeded Dr. Pott in the presidency.

To deal with the hundreds of thousands of refugees in the International Settlement, an International Red Cross Society was organized with Dr. W. W. Yen as Chairman and Mr. J. Earl Baker as Executive Director. I served as the Chinese Executive Secretary. Funds for relief were raised locally and abroad. Among the ardent relief workers was the picturesque figure of Father Jacquinot, with his white beard, black skull cap and flowing black cassock, about whom I gave this description:

> "In his work among refugees, Father J. passes unconcernedly back and forth through the border lines, guarded by Japanese troops. When challenged by the sentry, he just stares at him, brushes aside the bayonet and passes on. We meet with him each Wednesday. The Father sits at the head of a long table, announces the question for discussion, outlines his own views and then invites any difference of opinion. Usually there

is none. He asks for a vote; it is unanimous. Father J. smiles and says, 'Good, unanimous; my Committee always votes the right way.' He speaks a heavily accented English. Someone immediately follows with, 'Yes, we vote Father J's way' and a wave of friendly hilarity goes around the table. Everybody likes the Father. He is kindness personified with people in distress, but has an astuteness and diplomatic finesse of the Jesuit tradition that goes well with the alien military authorities, and there exists the friendliest relation between him and the Japanese."

Mrs. Tsu took an active part in the relief work, and was Chairman of the Committee for the Maternity Center for refugee women. The center consisted of a clinic and a hospital under the supervision of Dr. Amos Wong, the well-known gynecologist and obstetrician.

Nanking fell into enemy hands and was thoroughly sacked by the soldiery, in what was publicized the world over as "the Rape of Nanking." The battleline was pushed farther west and the National Government retreated to Hankow, 500 miles inland on the Yangtse River. The enemy set up the bogus "Nanking Regime" with Wang Ching-wei as Chief of the regime.

In the summer of 1938 an urgent message came from Col. J. L. Huang in Hankow asking me to go up to Hankow to see Generalissimo Chiang in connection with war work. At the same time a request was made to the University for the loan of my service. It seemed clearly indicated what I should do. I took the first ship available to Hongkong and from there flew up to Hankow. This roundabout way was the only way to get there, as the battleline was somewhere midway between Shanghai and Hankow.

With me on this trip was Dr. W. Y. Chen, General Secretary of the National Christian Council. We were presented to Generalissimo and he asked us to help him set up the "Youth Train-

ing Corps." The plan called for the training of 1,000 organizers as the first step, the training of 60,000 local leaders as the second step and so on, to prepare many young men for wartime service and for reconstruction work after the war. We were to serve as advisors because of our Christian background and educational experience. Our length of service was to be six months. Before leaving Hankow we attended a luncheon given by the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang. She showed us the devotional books she and the Generalissimo were reading and asked our suggestions. So I sent her two books of prayers from Shanghai.

The six months' service was extended by a second six months and by multiples of the half year period, as the war against Japan dragged on, and as events followed one after another, I was destined not to return to St. John's again.

10. WAR SERVICE

We reported for war duty at Hankow in mid-September and stayed with Col. J. L. Huang at his headquarters. Col. J. L., later General J. L., as he was known among friends, was Generalissimo's confidential aide and liaison officer, familiar with all government agencies and personalities and very popular in those circles. He was a great help to us in becoming oriented to the intricacies of political life. He was a native of Soochow, famed for its beautiful women and fine cuisine, and was very tall for a Chinese, six feet four and well built. During the war, he headed the War Area Service Corps and the New Life Movement.

For our initiation, we were invited to attend a meeting of the War Council shortly after our arrival. It was attended by all the high officials, civil and military and was held in the auditorium of Wu Han University in Wuchang at an early morning hour. The chief speaker was Generalissimo Chiang himself. I had met him at social functions. He always appeared to us reserved and a man of few words, while Madame Chiang was the vivacious hostess and center of conversation. That morning at the War Council, I saw the Generalissimo, who was also the President of the Republic, in a formal capacity for the first time. He was dressed in the field uniform of the Commander-in-Chief and wore white gloves. He spoke from a high podium, while his audience formed a semi-circle before him. He spoke in his characteristic mandarin tinged with Ningpo accent, once in a while raising his voice to a high pitch and puncturing the air with his white-gloved hand, for emphasis.

The burden of his speech that morning was to sound a warning against the continuation of certain abuses that had developed in the recruitment of men for the army and the neglect of wounded and sick soldiers. Without dramatics but without mincing words, he threatened that if such abuses continued, he

would have the culprits *chiang-pi*-ed, whatever their rank. *Chiang-pi* is an eloquent Chinese word meaning "shot at sight." In the audience standing beside me was genial Dr. Woo Lan-sung, a medical graduate of St. John's University, who was holding the difficult post of Surgeon-General in the Chinese Army. He and I exchanged understanding winks as the President ended his speech on that note.

China had entered the Sino-Japanese War ill-prepared for a long struggle. The recruiting method was antiquated. There was no universal conscription as is found in Taiwan today. Recruits were secured through the old village quota system whereby each village was obliged to supply a certain number of young men on a population basis. Those who could afford it could escape service by paying for substitutes. The substitutes volunteered out of economic necessity and often defaulted when the time came to report for duty. We had seen new recruits tied together like prisoners and forcibly brought to the training centers.

There was a great shortage of medical personnel for the army as well as a shortage of drugs and other medical supplies. The main reason for this condition was that modern medical education and modern pharmaceutical industry were both newly introduced into China and hardly developed even to meet the general needs of the people. However, great efforts were made to remedy the situation. Dr. Robert Lim gave up his professorship at the Peking Union Medical College and headed up a commission to produce and distribute medical supplies to the various posts at the battle-front. In one of the little factories I visited, I saw women workers cutting and rolling bandages out of home-woven muslin, all by hand. Gifts of drugs and teams of medical personnel and relief workers also came from allied nations, such as a group of doctors from India, the Friends Ambulance Unit from North America, and quinine tablets from the overseas Chinese communities in Malaya.

In my visits to the war front, I saw make-shift hospitals in Buddhist temples and village ancestral halls, where the sick and wounded lay on crude shelves or on the dirt floor with little bedding. There was much unrelieved suffering among them for

the doctors and nurses were overworked and had little to work with. In a letter I wrote to a friend, dated November 5, 1938, thus I described the situation:

> "I have visited a hospital for wounded soldiers, improvised out of the Confucian Temple, 200 of them inadequately cared for, for lack of doctors and nurses and of drugs. A couple of Western doctors from the China Inland Mission, assisted by Chinese nurses, were doing their best. I watched an operation on the hand of a young soldier, whose left palm had been blown to bits leaving the thumb and first finger dangling by the ligaments. The Western doctor said to the soldier, 'We'll try to save the thumb and finger,' and the soldier understood what was left unsaid. He was put to sleep, but his body heaved during the operation, so that the little nurse had to keep him still by the weight of her own body. Two days later I saw the soldier again, and with tears he said he could not move his jaw, but there was no anti-tetanus vaccine available..."

Having witnessed so much suffering among the sick and wounded in the battle areas, I knew what I wanted to do. I gave up everything else and got permission to concentrate on it. I made appeals to the people of Shanghai for doctors and nurses to volunteer for service. Life in Shanghai had gradually returned to relative normalcy, as the battle-front receded westward into Central China and refugees had mostly gone back to their homes in the countryside. As a result, the Shanghai Medical Relief Committee was formed with Dr. J. C. Hsia, a prominent Christian businessman as Chairman, supported by men and women like Dr. and Mrs. Amos Wong, Mr. Mason Loh, Mr. W. H. Tan, Mrs. Tsu and others. The Committee succeeded in getting the support of the community and was able to organize and finance a dozen medical units for service in Free China. Each unit consisted of two or three doctors and half a dozen or more nurses, both male and female. I served as their liaison in Free China, in contacting the government agencies for locating the medical

units along the battle front, arranging for their transportation and conducting them to their assignments. The first medical unit arrived in Free China in January 1939.

Late in October of 1938 Hankow was evacuated by the Government. We left on October 22nd by boat for Changsha in Hunan Province, with several hundred members of Madame Chiang's Women's Service Corps on board. She herself came to the dockside to bid us goodbye. The day after we left Hankow, President and Madame Chiang left by plane, almost among the last to evacuate. On October 25th the Chinese army withdrew from Hankow.

We landed at Changsha on October 24th. It was an important transportation center on the Hankow-Canton Railway, where the Yale-in-China Mission was located, consisting of the Hsiang-Ya Medical College and Hospital and the High School, and made famous by the labors of Dr. Edward Hume, the founder. On November 11th we had to move again, for the enemy was pushing south along the Railway and our defense line could not be stabilized. That day there was much confusion in the city, with so many people trying to get away. An officer of the War Area Service Corps and I happened to be standing on the bank of a small river, when a top-heavy boat, loaded with refugees capsized. Displaying his service revolver, my companion commandeered two sampans, and he and I each on a sampan tried to rescue the people in the water. Dozens must have drowned. We picked up several alive, and a woman and a little child unconscious. We worked on them for a long time but failed to resuscitate the woman or the child. The next day the city was set on fire by our own retreating army.

Our next destination was Chungking in the mountains of Szechuen in West China. We travelled with Col. J. L. Huang in his car through mountainous territory. It was a strenuous trip but we were among the fortunate ones, for some groups, such as the student body of Hua Chung University, our Church's Central China University, and some of Madame Chiang's Women's Service Corps had to make their journey westward on foot.

Stretches of our route ran through wild bandit-ridden country. Then we had to take precautions while travelling at night. My turn came one evening to be the "rear guard." My post was the collapsible seat over the trunk of the car, and with gun in my lap, my duty was to be on the lookout for any suspicious movement or sound on the roadway or over the cliffs above us, and to shoot into the air as signal. I did not realize how exposed I was, high and dry outside the car, like a sitting duck for anyone with evil intentions. It was a new experience and I was unaware of anything but a sense of pride that my vigilance enabled my companions to doze off in the car. Nothing untoward occurred that night except a tree trunk falling across our path, which could have been blown down the cliff by the wind. We reached Chungking on November 19, 1938.

Anyone approaching Chungking for the first time, either by car or by boat could not but be struck by its romantic and strategic location, perched high on top of the rocky embankment, overlooking the mighty and swift-flowing Yangtse River, as it sweeps by below in a big loop, where its tributary the Chialing River joins its course. In the winter months the water level is low, and an island forms within the loop in the river bed, on which the city's winter airfield is laid. Temporary buildings made of bamboo frames appear on the narrow ledges of the rocky embankments and the whole valley is alive with people and trade. All this scene of activity disappears with the rise of the water level during spring and summer, as the river is fed by the floods from the melting snow and rains in its upper reaches. The water level rises and falls with a span of as much as sixty feet between the high of summer and the low of winter.

As the wartime capital, Chungking was overcrowded during those years, with a tremendous influx of population and a big building boom. The water supply was inadequate and the old sewage system broke down. Hundreds of water carriers laboriously hauled up the hundreds of stone steps buckets of water from the river, all day long. Frequent air raids played havoc with the daily life of the people. But the people had a gay time. The theatres and restaurants flourished. The churches also flourished with new members from "down river." A large new congregation, made up

mostly of government officials and employees, worshipped in the auditorium of the Methodist High School, with the Rev. Stephen Tsang as their pastor, who later became Bishop of Hankow. Dr. Hollington Tong, Chief of the Government Information Bureau and his wife, Col. J. L. Huang and Mrs. Huang, and Dr. K. C. Wu, Chungking's mayor were among those who organized the new church, and actively supported it.

11. WITH THE MEDICAL UNITS

The first medical unit sent by the Shanghai Medical Relief Committee arrived in Free China in the spring of 1939. It was followed by other units in rapid succession. The Chinese staff of the Shanghai Telephone Company under the leadership of its Vice President, W. H. Tan, financed a unit known as the Shanghai Telephone Company Unit. The alumni of Tsing Hua University sponsored the Tsing Hua Unit, and the alumni of St. John's University the St. John's Unit. Teams were also organized under church auspices. I personally met every medical unit sent by our Shanghai Committee on their arrival in Free China. In one case, I brought from Shanghai all the way to Chungking a medical unit made up entirely of women, consisting of two women doctors and eight nurses. They had the unique distinction of being personally received by Madame Chiang on arrival in Chungking and incorporated into her Women's Service Corps.

To meet the St. John's Unit, I flew down to Kunming and by rail to Haiphong in French Indo-China on April 25, 1939. In Kunming I stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Evans of the English Methodist Mission, a remarkable missionary couple who had devoted a lifetime to working among the Yunnan people. My first impressions of French Indo-China were described thus:

> "French Indo-China is a fascinating region, with girls in their long gowns of many colors with side slits reaching the waistline and young men in black coats and white helmets, a combination of the oriental and occidental. Theirs is basically a Chinese culture. Everyone has a Chinese name; singsong girls recite Tang Dynasty poems and sing Chinese operas. All historical monuments are in Chinese script. Buddhist monks in the temples read their sutras not in Sanscrit

but in Chinese and fortune tellers on the roadside write in Chinese. The French colonial authorities have pursued a policy of enforcing the romanization of the native language, and as a result only men over fifty, here and there, can still be found with the ability to write Chinese.

"The Chinese merchant occupies a prominent place. Although a small minority, the Chinese community in Haiphong runs a school with over a thousand Chinese boys and girls, with Chinese as the medium of instruction..."

The leader of the St. John's Medical Unit was Dr. P. C. Tan, a graduate of St. John's University Medical School, an overseas Chinese from the Philippines. With him was Dr. C. L. Wong and seven women nurses from St. Elizabeth's Hospital and two men nurses from St. Luke's Hospital, both of the American Church Mission in Shanghai. Leaving French Indo-China by the border town of Dongdang, we entered China by the ancient fortified gateway known as Cheng Nan Kwan and proceeded to Kweilin, capital of Kwangsi Province. The doctors and nurses like myself were city-bred easterners and were in China's hinterland for the first time. They were duly impressed by the vastness and scenic grandeur of West China, but very much depressed by the backward conditions in which they had to live and work. For days we travelled in freight trucks over rough mountain roads. We literally chewed dust except when it rained. The rains laid the dust but filled the bus with water. At night we stayed in dingy inns or else sat up in our bus fighting swarms of mosquitoes from the rice paddies. Of the work they did, let Dr. P. C. Tan describe it in his own words:

"On April 15, 1939, we sailed from Shanghai on *SS Kiangsu* and reached Haiphong on the 29th. Dr. Y. Y. Tsu met us and accompanied us to Kweilin. There our Unit went on duty at the 8th Army Hospital at Shaung T'an Chu, Twin Pool Hill, outside Kweilin. There were many wounded and sick soldiers. We could only

take care of the severely wounded. Air raids were frequent. We saw terrible material destruction and horrible sights of the wounded and dying. We ourselves had to run for shelter several times a day.

"After a few months there, the Unit was moved to Hengyang in Hunan Province, to join the 94th Army Base Hospital. Air raids were worse there. Wounded soldiers arrived by trainloads from the Changsha Front. Many were half dead, and some had developed tetanus after exposure in the trenches for days. We were extremely busy; bullets to be removed, lacerations repaired, fractures reduced or immobilized, severely crushed arms, legs, hands and feet amputated, exposed viscera resected, anastomosed or restored into the abdominal cavity. On an average we operated on about 30 cases a day.

"The wounded had to be housed in empty temple rooms or deserted houses, with broken doors and windows and leaky roofs. During the winter there was no heat, and the nurses would find wounds with wet discharge frozen in the morning. Our nurses had themselves to work with swollen and stiff hands, red with chilblain. Food supply was low and hardly adequate to sustain the patients. To improve the diet, our nurses made soy bean milk for the patients. It was a heartening sight to watch them falling in line each morning for their bowl of hot soy bean milk.

"Our Unit was then moved to the 113th Army Base Hospital in Lingling, Hunan. I profited much by all kinds of major surgery and some highly technical operations, such as simple brain surgery, eye surgery including extraction of cataracts, corrections of entropions and ectropions,

which I had to undertake as no trained surgeons were available. On the completion of two years' service the St. John's Unit was disbanded. When we said goodbye to our teammates and left the scene of our labors for the war effort, we were filled with mixed feelings of joy and sadness."

Dr. Tan afterwards joined our Hui Tien Hospital in Kunming, Yunnan and became its Superintendent. On March 22, 1942 he married Miss Alice Pe-chang Wong, a graduate nurse of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Shanghai. Their daughter Julia was born in our hospital in Kunming. Dr. and Mrs. Tan are now residents of Princeton, New Jersey.

Our medical units received much help from the Friends Ambulance Service, as they transported our units free of charge. The Service was organized by the Society of Friends of America as a nonmilitary expression of goodwill to the people of China. Their leader was Dr. Robert McClure, a tall Canadian doctor born of missionary parents in Honan Province. He was a tireless and intrepid worker, devoted to the Chinese people and accustomed to Chinese ways so that he would not hesitate to drink from a wayside pool, as I had myself seen him do it, just as any Chinese peasant would when thirsty. He spoke the dialect like a native, having skill in the use of Chinese colloquials and expletives. He had a heart of gold, always ready to be of help to anyone in need, but sometimes his impetuosity got him into hot water.

The highways in those war years were cluttered with military and commercial traffic and bottlenecks easily developed at ferry crossings. The ferries were wooden barges taking two or three trucks each trip and manually operated, either pushed by men with long bamboo poles or pulled along guide-lines across streams. Progress could be arduous and time-consuming, especially where currents were strong as in mountainous regions. It was not uncommon for long lines of trucks to form on both banks, waiting for hours and even days to get on the ferry.

Somewhere in mountainous Kwangsi Province, Dr. McClure was leading a train of half a dozen trucks loaded with medical supplies and a busload of our medical unit personnel. Coming to a ferry crossing he decided not to wait for his turn but to push ahead, hoping that the big Red Cross signs on the vehicles would automatically give him priority. Before he knew it, the butt of a rifle was poked into his cab ordering him to stop. His red-headed temper flaring in righteous anger, he jumped out and tried to wrest the gun from the Chinese policeman half his size. The latter confronted by the towering "foreign devil" with glaring green eyes, decided discretion was the better part of valor and he turned and ran for help, with Dr. McClure hot in pursuit. From nowhere half a dozen police officers surrounded the doctor and brought him to headquarters. At this impasse, I took upon myself the part of a peacemaker. First I suggested to Dr. McClure that he tell his men, all Westerners with bushy beards of varied colors, to backtrack their trucks to the end of the waiting line. This done, I addressed the police chief, for the benefit of all and sundry within hearing distance, to the effect that it was all due to a misunderstanding; that these foreign friends were our allies in war, helping our country on a mercy mission to bring the much needed drugs and medical personnel to the fighting front for our wounded and sick comrades; that our leader, the doctor, thought that he had the right of way, as was the custom in all civilized lands to give priority to the Red Cross; and so on. This appeal together with the sight of our trucks having meekly gone to the end of the line, gave "face" to the police and the drivers of the trucks who were ahead of us in the waiting line. The result was that one and all grinned in goodwill and waved us on our way.

Mrs. Tsu was then the President of the Y.W.C.A. National Board, with headquarters in Shanghai. She came to Chungking in that capacity to study the situation in the western provinces and to bring a message of encouragement to the workers there. A regional conference of Y.W.C.A. secretaries was held in Chungking during her visit. To friends I wrote, "These days I am known to Y.W.C.A. audiences as the 'husband of our National Board Chairman.' No longer has mere man an independent status of his own, such being the advance made by our womenfolk,

Caroline Huie Tsu

President, National Board, Y.W.C.A. of China
1938 - 1939

a remarkable phenomenon of wartime China — this leadership of our women in national welfare and social service. The outstanding and most illustrious example of this is Madame Chiang herself."

The Women's Service Corps was Madame Chiang's pride and joy. Most thrilling stories were told of the doings of the girls she had trained for war service, in hospitals for wounded soldiers, in villages working among rural folk, and in other fields of usefulness. A group of 450 young women, ranging from sixteen to twenty-five years of age, made a forced march of 2,000 *li*, almost 700 miles, most of the way on foot, in order to get to Chungking for training. I saw them when they arrived from "down river," sunburnt, marching in straw-sandals with ease and grace, an impressive sight in spite of their soiled uniforms.

At a luncheon given by Madame Chiang to a group of women delegates to the People's Political Council in Chungking, I was invited to bring along the members of our Fourth Medical Unit that had newly arrived from Shanghai. There, reports were given about the work of the women volunteers. Out at Sung Chi, Pine Creek, above Chungking, some college women were helping village women to organize co-operatives in spinning and weaving. Even a grandmothers' spinning co-operative was formed. These elderly women would otherwise have found their declining years heavy on their hands but were finding renewed zeal of life in going back to the handicraft they had known from childhood, and were happy with the consciousness that they too were contributing to the war effort.

The women in another village called Lo Shan, Mount of Joy, were taught improved ways of raising silkworms and reeling silk. Miss Yui was head of the college group, a graduate from an American college. She told us an amusing story concerning a notorious bandit chief in that region. His name was feared by all but like Robin Hood this bandit chief was not without admirers, for in his depredations he seemed to enforce a crude kind of justice, robbing the rich and helping the poor. He seemed so impressed by the work of the college women, that he sent a message to Miss Yui, to the effect that he would like to entrust

his two young sons to Miss Yui for their education. While duly flattered by the bandit's trust, nevertheless Miss Yui did not feel equal to the job, and so in very polite language she declined the honor of serving as a teacher to such illustrious and precious heirs...

The National Government was at that time building an international highway, popularly known as "The Burma Road" to maintain communication with the outside world. Starting from Kunming, in Yunnan Province, it would extend 250 miles westward to the Burma-China border at Lashio and connect with the Burmese highway down to Mandalay and Rangoon. The roadway would cut through primeval mountain terrains and swampy lowlands, and open up heretofore inaccessible areas mostly inhabited by aborigines.

Mr. T. L. Soong, a St. John's University graduate, was head of the Southwest Transportation Administration and in charge of the "Burma Road" development. His plan called for a series of service stations, hostels and medical clinics along the new highway, for the convenience of travellers and for the benefit of the local inhabitants. When the first section out of Kunming was completed, Mr. Soong invited me to make an inspection trip over it, to study local conditions and make recommendations to implement the community services. I flew down to Kunming and his office there provided me with a car and the necessary provisions for the two-day trip. We travelled through wild country opened for the first time by the new highway. I saw men and women and even children working in the road gangs. No road-making machines were used, and everything was done by hand and human muscle. It was a herculean task to carve the trunkline through primeval forests, the weight of which was borne by the humble tribesmen and their womenfolk, called out on a quota basis by their chiefs.

I did not realize at the time that before long I would be called by my Church to have Episcopal oversight of the very region I was visiting, and that friends would call me "Bishop of the Burma Road." This call from my Church came early in 1940 while I was engaged in war work in West China. The Chung

Hua Sheng Kung Hui wanted to create a new missionary diocese to cover the two southwestern provinces of Yunnan and Kweichow and elected me as its first Bishop. The two provinces were nominally within the ill-defined limits of the Diocese of South China. The influx of new people consequent upon the Japanese invasion called for a more energetic effort on the part of the Church to reach the people of China's Southwest. My own thoughts were reflected in letters written then:

> "I am overawed by the call of my Church. There is no question of the opportunity for the Church in this section of the country that is now assuming great importance. It will be a pioneering job. If I accept the call, it will be the challenge of a neglected field. Little is available in personnel or material resources, but God will provide..." (Letter dated December 5, 1939)

> "I am glad it has been decided in the way it has, namely, that I am to go back to church work in the full sense of the word. I have served various causes and movements, religious, humanitarian and educational in the past thirty years, and now the Church has called me back and I have agreed to give the remaining effective years to her service. It will be a new field of endeavor and it will not be easy. A happy feature will be that I shall be working under the Rt. Rev. R. O. Hall, Bishop of South China and Hongkong, a man of broad sympathies and insight and we shall form a good team. My only regret is that I am not ten years younger, but will do my best..." (Letter dated February 13, 1940)

In April 1940, I bade goodbye to my wartime colleagues in Chungking and flew down to Kunming, en route to Shanghai via Hongkong. In Kunming Bishop R. O. Hall and I had a rendezvous to lay plans for the new Yun-Kwei District of the Church. One evening we thumbed a ride on an army truck and

were given seats in the driver's cab. The driver was in a hurry and while going over a temporary bridge at a curve of the highway cut too sharp a turn, resulting in the car sliding over the edge of the bridge and somersaulting into the ditch below upside down, all wheels freely whirling in the air. We could have been smothered under the truck, but fortunately the ditch was dry and the cab was not crushed. We came out of the accident with nothing worse than a big slash on Bishop Hall's forehead and two cracked ribs on my left side, little souvenirs of wartime travel in Free China.

12. THE YUN-KWEI EPISCOPACY

The Consecration Service took place on Wednesday morning, May 1, 1940 in the Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai. My official title was Assistant Bishop of Hongkong, serving as Bishop of Kunming, in charge of the new Yunnan-Kweichow Missionary District. It was a bright and sunny day and the Cathedral was filled with a representative congregation of church and civic leaders and members of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, the Chinese Episcopal Church. A combined choir of seventy voices, male and female, from the local Episcopal churches and schools led the singing. Forty clergymen and seven bishops of the Church were in the procession. The Rt. Rev. Frank F. Norris of North China and Chairman of the House of Bishops was the Consecrator, assisted by the Rt. Rev. D. T. Huntington of Anking and the Rt. Rev. S. T. Mok of South China, as co-Consecrators. The others participating were the Rt. Rev. W. P. Roberts of Kiangsu, the Rt. Rev. J. Curtis of Chekiang, the Rt. Rev. Lindel Tsen of Honan and the Rt. Rev. F. Houghton of East Szechuen. The Preacher was my old teacher and the President of St. John's University, the Rev. Francis L. Hawks Pott. Following the Service, there was a reception at St. John's University, when Mr. J. C. Jui and Mr. David Au representing the lay people of the Church presented me with a Discretionary Fund and the Episcopal vestments.

Immediately afterwards I journeyed to Kunming, capital of Yunnan Province to commence my new work. I had been to Kunming previously in connection with my war work. A small delegation met me at the airport, led by Dr. H. P. Yew, Superintendent of the Hui Tien Hospital of the Church Missionary Society in Kunming, the Rev. James Fu, vicar of St. John's Church and Mr. C. H. Wang, General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. They brought along a car which had been left for my use by an American friend, Mr. Richard Shipman.

A small room at St. John's Church in the city had been reserved for my use. For the next few months, this was to be my diocesan office and bedroom. I had brought nothing with me. On account of the impoverished condition of the Church during the war years, the House of Bishops could provide me with neither staff nor funds to start work in the new missionary district, hoping that as the work developed, I could find the necessary resources. It was a humble beginning, and a real pioneering job, and I was thrilled by the challenge, as indicated in the following letter:

> "Now let me tell you about the greatness and grandeur of the Yun-Kwei (Yunnan-Kweichow) Missionary District. This spot where I am writing is 6,500 feet above sea level. Kweiyang, capital of Kweichow Province is 3,300 feet above sea level. Here we have excellent weather, sunshine nearly the year-round, except during the rainy season in June and July, neither hot in summer nor cold in winter. The two provinces combined have an area of 214,000 square miles and a population of 26,000,000. An east-west motor highway stretches from the eastern border of Kweichow Province right through to the western or Burma border of Yunnan Province, for a total of twelve hundred ninety miles across the breadth of my missionary district. In the north we almost touch Tibet and in the south, Annam. Aborigines of many tribes and tongues abound in these two southwestern provinces, some claiming royal descent from earlier dynasties, somewhat comparable to the American Red Indians and the Hawaiians of royal blood.
>
> "If you should visit Kunming tonight, you would find me in a room almost bare of furnishings, with dilapidated walls needing replastering, typing on my old faithful, a portable Royal Typewriter which I had acquired 15 years ago secondhand in Peking, on a borrowed desk of ancient

The Rt. Rev. R. O. Hall

The Rt. Rev. S. K. Mok
Asst. Bishop

The Rt. Rev. Y. Y. Tsu
Asst. Bishop

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vintage. A bed, a bookcase, four reed chairs, several suitcases and an earthen jug with flowers complete the furnishings. Here I work and receive callers. I am my own clerk and housekeeper. I have been busy getting acquainted with the local situation." (Letter dated June 18, 1940)

Yunnan and Kweichow are in the southwesternmost part of China. Had it not been for the Sino-Japanese War, few of us easterners would have cared to venture into this backwoods area. Yunnan, the name meaning "South of the Clouds," had long maintained its independence and was almost the last to be incorporated into the Manchu empire of the Ching Dynasty. The high mountain ranges and the swampy mosquito-infested lowlands had made it practically inaccessible to large armed forces of the Central Government. This physical topography had also accounted for its cultural isolation and economic backwardness until recent times. Yunnan which is contiguous with the neighboring countries like Burma, Tonkin and Siam, had also served in bygone centuries as the base from which China extended her suzerainty over those lands.

In affiliation with the Diocese of South China and Hongkong, the Church Missionary Society of England had for some time maintained a mission outpost in Kunming, when it was known by its ancient name of Yunnanfu, consisting of the Hui Tien Hospital and St. John's Church. Being the only modern hospital in the whole province, Hui Tien prospered. Dr. H. P. Yew the Superintendent was a skilled surgeon and physician and a capable administrator. Connected with the hospital was a Nursing School, headed by Miss Enid Tindall.

St. John's Church was housed in an old building inside the South Gate of the walled city. The Rev. James Fu, the Pastor, was a local man, trained by the China Inland Mission. The people of Yunnan were known for their conservatism and the Christian Gospel made little headway among them. The old building consisted of two open courts with rooms on two floors around them. In the front court was a small chapel seating about fifty people, and the rest of the court was occupied by the pastor's family and a

guest room. The rear court had been rented out to three or four families, which produced a certain amount of income to support the church work. There was no sewage system in the buildings and the open court served conveniently as dumping ground for waste water and was consequently damp and odoriferous. This was typical Yunnanese, for life was backward and the people were tolerant. The room assigned to my use was located in a tiny wing in the rear court. This was the condition on my arrival in Kunming.

I was able to find new funds for the support of St. John's Church, in place of the rentals, and so the whole rear court was turned over to me. We cleaned it up and brightened it with perennials like geraniums and poinsettias which grow well in the mild climate of Kunming. It became the diocesan center of Yun-Kwei, with the diocesan offices on the ground floor and the rooms upstairs made ready for my family. I was thus able to write to friends somewhat expansively in my First Yun-Kwei Newsletter, as follows:

> "The Bishopscourt is a beautiful little Chinese courtyard. The gaily painted eaves remind the visitor of a Peking courtyard, to which the place indeed bears close resemblance, but the presence of four tall palm trees towering over the low roofs is distinctively Yunnanese, relics of a bygone day, left by someone who wanted a touch of the tropics in a staid Chinese town. Travellers to beautiful Kunming will find a warm welcome at Bishopscourt. It is behind St. John's Church at 117 Wan Chung Kai, 'Street of Ten Thousand Bells,' not far from the ornate South Gate Tower, another reminder of Peking scenery, which Westerners call 'Piccadilly Circle,' noted for its flower stalls.

When the Federated Universities of North China, known as Lien-Ta, consisting of Peking National, Tsing Hua and Nankai Universities, moved down to Kunming because of the Sino-Japanese War and settled in the northwestern corner of the city, Bishop R. O. Hall invited the Rev. Gilbert Baker and Dr. T. C. Chao

to start a mission for the university students. Mr. Baker was a missionary of the Church Missionary Society and Dr. Chao had been ordained to the Priesthood by Bishop Hall while he was Dean of the Yenching Theological School in Peking. They started their work in 1939 and called the Mission Wen Ling Tang, Chapel in the Forest of Culture. Dr. Chao had brought down Mr. Wu Sheng-te and Miss Leatrice Huang to work with him among the students. Shortly after my arrival in Kunming, Dr. Chao felt obliged to withdraw from Yun-Kwei and return to his family in Peking, because of the threatened bombing of the city by Japanese planes. Mr. Wu Sheng-te remained with us, was ordained and went to Tali on the "Burma Road" to open a new mission center there.

In 1941 Mr. Baker went to America for his marriage with Miss Patty Sherman, the daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Sherman, lifelong missionaries of the Episcopal Church in China. He returned with his bride to continue his work at Wen Ling Tang. Their first two children, David and Anna, were born in our city of Kunming. In 1943, the Rev. and Mrs. Cheung Shiu-kwai, loaned by the Diocese of Hongkong, took over the work at Wen Ling Tang.

The Rev. Quentin Huang of the Diocese of Anking had moved west because of the Sino-Japanese War and had started work among students in Kweiyang, capital of Kweichow. He accepted our invitation to join Yun-Kwei and take charge of the Church of Our Savior in Kweiyang. In time he was appointed the Archdeacon for Kweichow and it was due to his devoted and capable work, supported by Mrs. Huang, that the Church in that province made rapid progress.

The "Begging Bowl" is a meaningful symbol in the Buddhist religion. A monk at his ordination is presented with his "begging bowl," to signify his vow of poverty and his dependence upon the munificence of the laity for his ministry. A missionary bishop may well adopt the Buddhist symbol, for he seems to be always approaching people with a begging bowl, and my joy in those days in Yun-Kwei was to meet laymen with a strong sense of stewardship, willing to go the second mile, in helping to meet

the pressing needs of a new missionary field like Yun-Kwei. Here is the unique story of Mr. Li Jui:

Mr. Li Jui was a well-to-do businessman and a biblical scholar, who read his daily Bible portions in original Hebrew and Greek. He was trained by the China Inland Mission people in the practice of tithing. When I called at his office in Chungking, he read to me at my request the twenty-third and the one hundred twenty-first Psalms in Hebrew. These psalms are beautiful in any language, but one is spellbound by the measured cadences in the original sonorous Hebrew tongue. On the wall was a single scroll bearing the Hebrew script of a line from the 127th Psalm: "Except the Lord build the house, their labor is in vain that build it."

Mr. Li Jui showed instant interest, as I expounded a plan for a series of mission stations along the "Burma Road" and in Kweichow. Pointing to the town of An Shun on the highway between Kweiyang and Kunming, he asked if I could send a church worker there. Really I had at that time none to spare, except possibly the Rev. James Fu, Pastor of St. John's, Kunming, which meant my taking on the parish work myself. In face of Mr. Li Jui's challenge, I offered to send Mr. Fu and he was a good choice as he was a local man and a capable man for a new place. Mr. Li Jui's response was typical of the man: "You send Mr. Fu and I will take care of the rest." Mr. Li Jui underwrote the entire budget of the new An Shun Mission for the first year of operation. For this generosity, his explanation was, "Bishop, you are a preacher and I am a businessman, but we are colleagues in the Lord's work."

For several months I assumed the pastoral duties at St. John's along with the diocesan work. Fortunately I had the help of Deaconess Julia Clark and Mrs. Tsu. Deaconess Clark was an American missionary from the Diocese of Hankow, and was an extraordinary worker. Physically slight, she was agile and indefatigable, absolutely loyal to her Church and generous to a fault. Mrs. Tsu was also an invaluable assistant, equal to any demand put on her. She and I regularly went around the city on our bicycles, a gift from Rev. W. J. Alberts of Christ Church, Media, Pennsylvania, calling on our parishioners, usually on Saturday mornings,

for we had found that the timing of the calls was an effective way of getting our people to church on Sunday. To save time, we mapped out the different sections of the city and each went our way.

Word came to Deaconess Clark one morning that a refugee woman from South China had died in the night. She was a lone person without any known relatives, and had worshipped with us at St. John's regularly. Deaconess Clark and I went to her address and found that she had shared a room with three other families, each family occupying the space of a bed, screened off with sheets. The neighbors had removed the body into the courtyard. We arranged for three gravediggers to carry the coffin to our church cemetery on a nearby hillside. To appease the susceptibilities of the neighbors, we permitted certain local practices, such as putting a bowl of rice with a raw egg sitting in the middle on the coffin, and the burning of mortuary paper money as the coffin left the courtyard. It was a strange funeral procession: the three gravediggers carrying the coffin on two bamboo poles tied together at an angle, with the bowl of rice and the egg balanced precariously on top of the coffin, and followed by myself and half a dozen women neighbors on foot. The Deaconess had been called away on another assignment and did not join this procession.

Having dug the grave and lowered the coffin, the gravediggers retired to rest and puff on their bamboo pipes. I put on the surplice and began to read the Prayer Book service of committal, but none of the women neighbors came to the grave. They stood at a distance watching. I was later informed that among the local people there was a superstition that ill-luck would dog their lives if they exposed themselves to an open grave. I proceeded with the service, conscious only that the Church had not deserted a lonely child of God at her departure. Somehow there came over me the feeling that I was not alone but angels in their unseen presence had gathered around on the hillside, probably a compensatory illusion suggested by the fluttering of the surplice sleeves in the early morning breeze.

Later the Rev. John Chow, a clergyman from Hongkong, arrived to take charge of St. John's Church. He was a graduate of the

Union Theological College of Canton, of which Dr. J. S. Kunkle was the President and which had moved into my District for the duration of the war. Under Mr. Chow's ministry, St. John's parish grew both in membership and in the children's attendance at Sunday School.

Our primary need was more ordained workers. Formerly I had been connected with the St. John's University Theological School in Shanghai. I succeeded in enlisting several of my former students to join Yun-Kwei. They came in the fall of 1940, the Rev. Paul Tong, the Rev. and Mrs. Raymond Kong and the Rev. Amos Hsiang. We had a Thanksgiving Service on their arrival in Kunming, at which Mr. Wu Sheng-te was ordained to the Diaconate. Paul Tong joined Rev. Gilbert Baker at the student mission, Wen Ling Tang, Amos Hsiang and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kong went to Kweiyang to reinforce the staff at the Church of Our Savior, under the Ven. Quentin Huang. Wu Sheng-te went to Tali on the "Burma Road," halfway between Kunming and the Burmese border, to open up a new mission there.

It was heartening to see the Church growing apace in the new District with the coming of the new workers. At the close of 1940, my first year there, I was able to report seven ordained Chinese men, and besides Rev. Gilbert Baker and Deaconess Clark, another Western missionary, the Rev. T. Gaunt who acted as our Treasurer. At the Hui Tien Hospital were the Superintendent Dr. H. P. Yew, Miss E. Tindall and Miss L. Bull and Mr. Luke Cheung, a religious-social worker.

We also had the benefit of volunteer workers from the church institutions that had been moved into Yun-Kwei, such as the Hua Chung or Central China University from the Diocese of Hankow, with President Francis Wei, the Union Theological College from Canton with President J. S. Kunkle, and the Union Middle School also from Hankow, with the Rev. Mark Li Principal. The presence of these guest institutions and their faculty members and students gave great impetus to Christian work in the communities where they had settled. In this way we had the help of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Allen, Dr. and Mrs. Logan Roots, the Rev. and Mrs. Charles A. Higgins and others. Mr. Arthur Allen served as

our Treasurer for several years until the end of the war. Dr. Charles A. Higgins is now Dean of Trinity Church, in Little Rock, Arkansas.

During the first years of the Sino-Japanese War, Yunnan enjoyed relative peace as it was isolated in the mountains of the southwest and far removed from the fighting in Central China. But the building of the "Burma Road" and the seizure by Japan of French Indo-China placed Yunnan in the thick of the fighting. Kunming being an important transportation center became the target of aerial bombing by enemy planes. On September 30, 1940, the first air raid occurred. It was Monday morning and we were having our weekly workers' conference at Bishopscourt behind St. John's Church, when the first blast of the warning siren ever sounded in Kunming went off. The siren was located on top of the city wall next to the church and so the full blast of the siren nearly swept us off our feet.

Hastily the workers rushed back to their homes to gather their children for evacuation into the countryside. Mrs. Tsu and our two children, Robert and Kin, were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Roger Arnold of the Y.M.C.A. Together with the Arnolds we all got into the air raid shelter nearby with our water bottles, and the children's school books. At high noon the enemy planes started bombing the city. The shelter shook as if in an earthquake. A heavy odor of burnt gunpowder pressed into the shelter causing much coughing and burning of eyes, which at first we mistook for poison gas.

In a few minutes the planes left and all was quiet, but we did not dare to come out into the open until three o'clock when the "all clear" was sounded. In our immediate neighborhood a dud had fallen in a garden patch and buried itself thirty feet in the ground, but in its passage it cut off the feet of a young man who had sought refuge there. He was brought to our Hospital and his feet were amputated. Another bomb landed right in the hospital grounds, totally demolishing the residence of the two Western missionaries, Misses Tindall and Bull. Where once was a charming home known for its hospitality to out-of-town visitors, only a deep crater was there, fifty feet across, with nothing stand-

ing except a part of a wall with a bay window, grim reminder of the destructiveness of war.

Miss Bull and Dr. and Mrs. Craddock and their little baby had found shelter in a shallow ditch barely thirty feet away from the scene of destruction but fortunately they escaped injury. Immediately after the bombing stopped, the hospital staff went to work on the injured brought into the hospital from all over the city. In that raid the entire front of the large Methodist Church on Main Street was torn off.

On October 13th enemy planes bombed the city again, this time hitting the northwestern corner where the universities were located. Our Student Center, Wen Ling Tang, was badly damaged by falling debris. Large stones went through the roofs of the chapel and the bedrooms of the Rev. Gilbert Baker and the Rev. Paul Tong. The following Sunday, it rained and we had to have umbrellas held over the altar at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. A worse fate fell on the Sisters' compound of the German Lutheran Mission. It was the showplace of missionary work in the city, with a school for the blind, the industrial school for girls and an up-to-date dental office, all housed in a charming Chinese courtyard by the side of the Central Jade Lake. Bombs landed squarely in the center of the courtyard and reduced the place to a heap of ruins almost beyond recognition. I had seen a portrait of Herr Hitler in the reception room previously, but that room was ironically also demolished and presumably the famous portrait had gone down with it. Japan had by then joined the Axis Powers.

The air raids had upset the normal life of the city and also our church work. Instead of holding worship services on Sunday mornings, an evening service was substituted at St. John's Church and weekly services were held at several suburban villages to which our people had moved. In the daytime the city streets were deserted except for the presence of the police patrols. An ominous silence pervaded the entire city. Toward nightfall the people returned from the countryside and the streets pulsated with life again. The people adjusted themselves courageously, realizing that they were part of a nation struggling for freedom.

13. LIFE IN CHINA'S HINTERLAND
by Caroline Huie Tsu

After his consecration on May 1, 1940, Bishop Tsu went to Kunming ahead of us, and it was not until the following August that he felt he could ask us to join him. We left Shanghai by boat for Hongkong and there proceeded to Haiphong in French Indo-China. From Haiphong we took the French-built narrow-gauge mountain railway up a steep incline to Kunming, Yunnan. Kunming is on a high plateau over 6,000 feet above sea level. The railway made many zig-zags often doubling on its track and rising to ever higher levels, going through tunnels and over gorges, to get up to Kunming, a notable feat of engineering.

Our party consisted of our two younger boys, Robert and Kin and myself, and the new recruits for Yun-Kwei, the Rev. Paul Tong, the Rev. Amos Hsiang, the Rev. and Mrs. Raymond Kong, their baby and the baby's amah. David and Carol, our other children, were left in Shanghai with their aunt, Mrs. Mason Loh as they had some dental work to be finished. Bishop R. O. Hall of Hongkong had obtained a letter of introduction from the French Consulate to the authorities in Haiphong. With that letter our party went through the immigration and customs barriers expeditiously, but we watched with sadness our less fortunate fellow-countrymen being herded around like animals and subjected to indignities in the hands of the colonial officials.

The railway journey took three days and nights. The train ran in the daytime only and we stayed in miserable inns. Paul Tong did a valiant job supervising the moving of the hundred pieces of baggage every evening from the train to the inn and back again to the train the next morning. At the Chinese border we were met by Bishop Tsu.

Housekeeping in Kunming was far different from what we were used to in Shanghai, for neither gas nor running water was avail-

able, but we got adjusted to primitive conditions soon. When we needed an oven for baking, my husband contrived one out of a five-gallon kerosene can by threading two rows of wire inside as shelves and fitting a door at one end of the can. Another can lined with bricks to hold hot charcoal provided the heat. One soon learned to regulate the temperature, by trial and error, for baking bread and cookies and even for roasting meat. We brought an old-fashioned ice-cream freezer turned by hand. For ice we pedalled five miles out to a pharmaceutical lab which made ice for its own use. We carried the big block of ice wrapped in a straw bundle over the back wheel of our bicycle. By the time we reached home, the block of ice had dwindled to about half its original size, but we had figured on the discount. Life in China's hinterland at wartime was strenuous but exciting.

When I learned that Kunming produced big luscious peaches, I had acquired in Hongkong a dozen mason jars. The day after our arrival, I made up a dozen jars of the local peaches in Miss Tindall's kitchen and had them stored under the stairway in her house. It so happened that the next day the Japanese planes bombed Kunming for the first time. When the "all clear" was sounded, we rushed out of the air raid shelter and found Miss Tindall's house had disappeared, leaving only a wall standing with the stairway behind it. There serene and safe sat the dozen jars of canned peaches, dust-laden. They were indeed the precious dozen, having gone through the tribulation of the first and most severe raid that the people of Kunming had experienced. Sometime later I happened to entertain some American soldiers with the peaches. One of them asked, "Mrs. Tsu, where this side of the Hump did you get these delicious Delmonte peaches?" I felt highly complimented.

Against these enemy raids we had no protection whatever, except to take to the fields, with our water bottles and lunch packed the night before. Later a small house was rented for the family on the Kunming Lake about ten miles out, while my husband remained in the city. Usually he stayed indoors at Bishopscourt during the raids, but finally we persuaded him to take refuge outside the West Gate where there were shallow shelters. In one raid he did not get out to the West Gate shelter. After-

wards it was found that a bomb had landed at the very spot where he was supposed to have taken shelter.

Then came the fliers of the American Volunteer Group, the A.V.G. for short, popularly known as "the Flying Tigers," organized by General Claire Chennault at the invitation of the Chinese Government. In the very first engagement, the Japanese suffered heavy casualties from the superior tactics of the American "flying tigers," and took their lesson to heart. A lull followed and the people of Kunming breathed a sigh of relief. They showed their gratitude by entertaining the fliers in their homes and at social events, took them to visits of scenic places, arranged lectures on Chinese culture for them, and even mended socks and uniforms for them. On Mother's Day a group of Chinese women laid flowers on the graves of men killed in aerial combat.

We took a group of the American fliers to visit Shih Lung Pa, Stone Dragon Gorge Dam, in the Western Hills, where the city's electric plant was located. The American-trained Director of the Plant, Mr. K. T. Kwo provided a guard of honour to welcome the visitors. The plant was originally built and cared for by German engineers, and when they left on account of the war, the Government appointed Mr. Kwo. The place was bombed by the Japanese, but Mr. Kwo was able to salvage what was left and put it back into operation, even doubling the output of electricity. He turned a big bomb crater into a swimming pool for the workers and their families.

When America entered the war after Pearl Harbor, the American Volunteer Group was disbanded and in its place came the Fourteenth Air Force under General Chennault. We did our share in extending hospitality to the American GIs, in particular the Episcopalians among them. When they came for the early celebration of Holy Communion, I generally asked them to stay for breakfast as their camps were some distance from the city. I had an old-fashioned waffle iron, the kind that was heated over charcoal fire and turned over by hand. With the waffles I served wild honey for which Kunming was noted. We also had Evensong in English for the soldiers on Sundays, with a social hour

afterwards. Quite a number came regularly, and some of them called me by courtesy their "Kunming Mother." Bert Lee of Grace Church, Salem, Massachusetts was one of them and in this way we came to know the parents and Bert's Rector, the Rev. George L. Cadigan, who now is the Bishop of Missouri. Bert was killed over Hengyang in Central China. Another member was Mr. Lee Graham who until recently was Rector of St. Luke's Church, Mountain Brook, Birmingham, Alabama. Some years ago, our son Robert while driving across the country on his way to California happened to be in the outskirts of Birmingham on a Sunday morning. He stepped into St. Luke's Church to worship. It was a surprise meeting for both the rector and Robert, for Mr. Graham knew Robert as a young boy in Kunming.

One Sunday morning, a GI was brought to our St. John's Church inside the South Gate of Kunming. He was found wandering outside the city at that early hour, a total stranger and unable to communicate, as he did not speak our language. In desperation he drew the outline of a house in the dust of the sidewalk and put the sign of a cross on the rooftop. That made the Chinese policeman understand what he was looking for. As Bishop Tsu was away that weekend. I went out to meet the stranger. He asked if he could step into our little chapel. On coming out he explained that he had flown in from India the night before. Before he left America, he and his wife had agreed that on Sunday wherever possible they would be in church to pray for each other. "I know," he continued, "my wife would be praying for me in our little village church back home, and I am glad to be able to do the same here." I invited him to stay for breakfast, but he declined as he was pressed for time to return to his camp and report for his next flight.

I was deeply moved by this little incident. It was a beautiful story of conjugal loyalty, but it also illustrated the worldwide ministry of the Church. The young GI came to our city a total stranger, but I believe he left with a glow warming his heart by reason of the chance contact with us and with the realization that even in this strange Chinese city he was among fellow Christians.

14. JOURNEYS ALONG THE BURMA ROAD

In February 1941, I went back to Shanghai to attend my first meeting of the House of Bishops and to participate in the Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Addison Hsu, as the Assistant Bishop of Kwangsi-Hunan Diocese, Yun-Kwei's neighbor. Among the actions taken by the bishops was the appointment of a Commission for the proposed Bawn Training Institute for women workers of the Church. The Institute made its start in Nanking in 1945, but its development was cut short by the political upheaval of 1948. Another action was the creation of a new office, the T'e Pai Yuan, Special Delegate of the House of Bishops for the Dioceses in Free China. Later the title was changed to Executive Representative of the House of Bishops. I was appointed to the new office. The new office was created to facilitate communication between the dioceses in Free China and the House of Bishops, made necessary by the divided condition of the country due to the Japanese invasion.

Returning by way of Hongkong and Rangoon, I first attended a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of South China and Hongkong. The meeting was held at Bishops House in Hongkong and presided over by Bishop R. O. Hall, supported by Assistant Bishop Shau-tsang Mok of Canton. Hongkong has always been a tremendously important centre of the Church. In a spiritual as well as literal sense, it fulfils the biblical saying "A city built on hills that cannot be hid," and Bishop Hall has been a tower of strength for the whole Church. Through the years, Hongkong has under his leadership sent forth missionaries to work in Chinese communities in various parts of the world. Hongkong has also given to the Church a number of bishops — Bishop L. Wilson of Singapore, formerly Dean of the Hongkong Cathedral, Bishop Roland Koh of Jesselton, North Borneo, formerly vicar of St. Mary's, Hongkong, and Bishop James Wong of Taiwan, formerly vicar of Christ Church, Kowloon.

In Rangoon I was the guest of Bishop George West of the Diocese of Burma. Burma was then a British colony; she attained her independence in 1948. Rangoon is an exotic Buddhist city, dominated by the golden dome of Shwe Dagon Pagoda. Through the centuries Burma has had close ties with China, as evidenced by the Chinese origin of the names of her towns and villages. Christian missions have experienced difficulty in winning the Burmese to the Christian Faith. More headway has been made with the tribal groups like the Kachins in the north and with the Tamils who have immigrated from South India. The stories of the early missionaries like the Judsons and the Hendersons form a marvelous record of heroism and devotion, and the Christian Church in Burma owes much to the labors of those pioneers.

Bishop George West, like our own Bishop Logan Roots of Hankow, was an ardent supporter of the Oxford Movement, the Moral Re-Armament, or M.R.A. for short. The Bishop's house was constructed in native style with a spreading thatched roof that gave excellent insulation against the Burmese sun, so that the interior was cool whereas the out-of-doors could be like a heated oven. The big rambling house had many guest rooms and the Bishop was the soul of oriental hospitality.

Sunday evening I was invited to preach in little St. Gabriel's Church to a Tamil congregation. The candle lights and the fragrant incense, the pit-pat of little barefooted acolytes and the priest's sonorous intoning of Evensong, the colorful garments of the Tamil womenfolk and the hearty singing of the congregation combined to make a beautiful picture in my memory. Mr. Paul of the Bishop's office ably interpreted my message, and I could almost follow the outpouring of his liquid words as they flowed down the aisles of the Tamil listeners.

In Rangoon I picked up a new Ford car, the gift of Mr. Richard Shipman. One early morning we sallied forth from the Bishop's House, circled the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the Bishop leading in his car, accompanied by Mr. Briscoe, Miss Nyien Tha and another member of the Bishop's household, and I was put on my way straight for Mandalay in Upper Burma. When one made a trip to the outside world, one became the courier of many commis-

sions, large and small, and one's baggage was apt to swell in volume as the journey proceeded, quite contrary to the old saying about a rolling stone gathering no moss. My car was loaded with prayer books and hymnals and cups and saucers for the use of the churches, with hardly space for myself. The loveliest commission was a bag of baby things for Michael, Rev. and Mrs. Raymond Kong's little boy, who enjoyed special status among the staff families of Yun-Kwei, as the first child born to the diocesan workers, not unlike Virginia Dare of Colonial America. The bag of baby things was entrusted to me by Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Kong, grandparents of the child. I stopped at Maymyo for the christening of Dr. and Mrs. Craddock's baby, Elaine Morcary. The doctor had been with Hui Tien Hospital in Kunming and was at that time in charge of the British Army Hospital at Maymyo.

From Maymyo I headed for Lashio, the little Burmese border town and the terminus of our Burma Road. Across the border was China and my diocese. As one approached the border, one began to notice more and more people using chopsticks at meals, as contrasted with the use of fingers, and more people wearing pants, as against the Burmese sarong, two signposts of the overflow of Chinese cultural influence.

A fine act of highway courtesy occurred on the Burma Road at a swampy section in the lowlands, where the roadbed could be slippery in poor weather. A big truck had broken down in the middle of the highway, and trucks attempting to pass by had slipped over the shoulders on both sides, thus bottling up all traffic. A group of Indian drivers of Steel Bros. trucks were waiting there for the repair crew to clear the way. I joined them and fraternized, they offering me steaming coffee and I in return passing around the cookies from faraway Shanghai. We discussed the "ins and outs" of getting by the stalled trucks, and when it was suggested that my Ford Sedan might squeeze through the mess, the Indian drivers offered to help. So I started forward, while a dozen husky hands supported the car to prevent it from slipping sideways. Thus with international goodwill I came through.

Failing to reach Kunming for Easter, I detoured and stopped at Hsichow the evening before, a short distance north of the Bur-

ma Road, and was the guest of President and Mrs. J. S. Kunkle of the Union Theological College, one of the guest institutions in my District. The other was the Hua Chung or Central China University. They had asked for an Episcopal visitation for some time. Easter Day was a busy one, with a Confirmation at Hua Chung University in the morning, and the ordination of the Rev. Wu Sheng-te to the Priesthood, in which Dr. Kunkle took a part. In the afternoon there was a Confirmation at our Tali Mission, a short distance north of Hsichow, where the Rev. Wu Sheng-te was our resident missionary. One of our confirmands was a woman teacher of the Min Chia Tribe, the first of her people to join the Church. The other candidate was a native of Sikong on the border of Tibet.

Mr. Wu Sheng-te was a resourceful worker and an unusually big man physically and strong as an ox. He and Mrs. Wu, who was a trained school teacher, had built up a fine school for the local children and had won the goodwill of the community. According to Professor Y. C. Tsai of the Union Theological College who had made a study of the tribal people in the Tali area, the Min Chia were a friendly and intelligent people, superior to the Miao, Li Su and other tribal groups, and economically influential, as evidenced by the fact that the wealthiest families there were Min Chia and not the Chinese. They were much sinicized but had kept their own language and traditions.

Wu Sheng-te taught a class at the theological college. He usually covered the distance between Tali and Hsichow on his bicycle, which, he remarked, carried him in good weather, but in rainy weather when the mountain paths became slippery and muddy, he carried the bicycle instead, and so together they made good progress, rain or shine. The town of Tali located on the west shore of the Tali Lake, known as the Ear Lake because of its elongated shape resembling an ear, has magnificent mountain scenery, and was noted for the marble quarries.

Monday afternoon I reached Chen Nan farther east on the Burma Road, in time to watch the students and teachers of the Union Diocesan High School put the finishing touches to the school road, which they had built as an Easter holiday project. That

evening we had a Confirmation in the school chapel. This was the school our Robert had been attending and where we met Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Allen, Miss Venetia Cox and other American teachers. Mrs. Tsu had been visiting Robert in anticipation of my return and so together she and I started out the next morning on our last lap back to Kunming.

At Tsu Hsiung a short distance west of Kunming on the Burma Road we stopped at the Mid-Yunnan Bethel Mission, the head of which for the past quarter century was Miss Cornelia Morgan. She was an independent missionary and had gone out to Yunnan as a young woman from a cultured southern home. Her grandfather had been a senator and had entertained our Chinese ambassador Wu Ting Fang in his southern mansion. It was her meeting of the distinguished Chinese guest that gave her the idea of becoming a missionary to the Chinese people. She had a dozen stations which she visited on horseback in the olden days. During a local civil war, she had taken care of some Chinese soldiers and from them had picked up an eye infection which blinded one eye. Herself living simply, she entertained travellers with legendary southern hospitality.

Shortly after this trip, I got word from Ven. Archdeacon W.H.S. Higginbottom of Rangoon that Bishop George West had been hospitalized following a car accident, and he urgently asked me to go to Burma and help out with Episcopal visitations and Confirmations. Altogether I spent a month in Burma.

One Confirmation was held in a military prison for a young Anglo-Indian soldier who had been condemned to death. Anglo-Indians, the Chaplain explained to me, were made up of those with Indian mothers and British fathers, a special group in colonial India, and being neither of one race nor of the other, they were ostracized by both Indian and British society. As a way out of the social dilemma, many Anglo-Indian youths entered the army as a career. The young man was awaiting the death penalty because he had killed another in a quarrel over a girl. He recalled that he had been baptized in the Anglican Church but had not been confirmed.

INNER
Paochi
Hsienyang
Chengtu
CHUNGKING
Tsun-i
Meitan
Kweiyang
Anshun
Chihchi
Tali
Hsichow
Paoshan
Hsiakwan
Chan-i
Kunming
Kutsin
BURMA
Burma Road
Tsu Hsiung
Wanting
YUN KWEI DIOCESE
Kwe
Lashio
Mandalay
Nanning
Lao Cai
Chennankwan
Lansan
Hanoi
Haiphong
LAOS
VIET NAM
HA
THAI

Changchiakou
Peking
Tientsin
KOREA
Tsinan
Tai Shan
Tsingtao
Chiufu
Kaifeng
Hsuchow
Nanking
Shanghai
Wusih
Wuhu
Souchow
SungKiang
Hankow
Wuchang
Hangchou
Putu
Chian
Foochow
Shaokuan
Amoy
TAIWAN
HongKong

CHINA

The Chaplain and I went to the death cell where the young man was incarcerated. The Chaplain made a crude cross by tying together two twigs, and for an altar he threw a bedsheet over a stand. Before the improvised altar the prisoner knelt and we proceeded with the Confirmation. At the conclusion, he pulled out of his pocket a little diary and requested me to record his Confirmation in it. What happened to the young man afterwards I did not know, but I could almost see him clutching in his hands the little booklet with his Confirmation record, trying to find solace and courage as he waited in his lonely cell for the last call.

South of Rangoon, the capital of Burma, was an important military airfield known as Mingaledon, where a large concentration of British troops was stationed to guard Burma against Japanese invasion from the south. It was a Dress Parade Sunday and I was the visiting preacher. I was greatly impressed by the columns of British soldiers, dressed spick-and-span in their bright uniforms, marching into the chapel to the accompaniment of brass bands. Most of them looked very young in age and they were a long way from their homes, in this strange land in Britain's far-flung empire. I chose as my topic, "Divine Companionship, an essence of the Christian Faith." An unexpected sequel is told in a later chapter.

The final Sunday in Burma, I was the preacher at the Rangoon Cathedral, of which the Archdeacon was the acting Dean. Following British tradition, the British Governor-General together with some of his immediate staff occupied the front pew directly below the high pulpit. Referring to that occasion in a jocular mood, I told friends that it gave me an opportunity to preach down at the Governor-General. He was a gracious host and had entertained the Archdeacon and me at his mansion at tea the Saturday before, as we paid him a courtesy call.

In Rangoon I was delighted to meet Dr. Lim Kay Wan, a fellow alumnus of St. John's University in Shanghai and a medical practitioner of high standing in the community. As in other lands in Asia, the Chinese communities in Burma enjoy an influence in the economic life of the country far beyond their numerical strength.

Monday afternoon, I left Rangoon by plane for Lashio,the little border town, where I was to dedicate a little Burmese chapel before going back to my own District. When I arrived at the chapel, the church warden, a British colonial officer of the region, and a small congregation of Burmese and British members, together with a vested choir of Burmese children, were all assembled in front of the building. To my surprise I was told that the Anglican Prayer Book did not contain the dedication service and so they had hoped that I would bring one for the occasion. By coincidence, I had received that very afternoon from the Burmese Post Office at Lashio packages containing American Prayer Books donated by the Bishop William White Prayer Book Society of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Some months before I had asked the Society for these books for use with the American army folk in China, but international postal service was uncertain in those war days and I had almost given up hope of ever receiving them. But there they were in my truck to be brought back with me to Kunming, and so we hastily unpacked the books and used them for the dedication service in Lashio.

In 1948 when I was attending the Lambeth Conference in London, I told with gusto the assembled bishops of the Anglican Communion about this unusual ecumenical service, "the dedication of a Burmese Chapel, in a British colony, with an American Prayer Book, by a Chinese Bishop."

15. THROUGH ENEMY LINES

By the middle of 1942 the Sino-Japanese War had been fought to a standstill with a more or less stabilized line through the center of the country. In the occupied eastern portion, Japan had set up a puppet regime with Nanking as capital, issuing its own currency and running its own postal service. Our Church was thereby split in two, with the older and stronger dioceses in the territory under enemy occupation, and the younger dioceses in the western half of the country. The national officers of the Church were generally located along the eastern seaboard where church work was more developed. At the same time the Church was sponsoring a vigorous programme of advance in the western provinces, paralleling the population movement westward and the removal of the nation's capital from Nanking to Chungking.

It was to facilitate communication and cooperation with the dioceses in the free provinces that the new office of T'e Pai Yuan, Executive Representative, was created by the House of Bishops meeting in Shanghai in February 1941 and I was appointed to the new office. This 1941 meeting was, in fact, the last full session of the House of Bishops for some years to come, and not until after the close of the war, on Japan's surrender in August 1945, were the Bishops able to meet again in full session. After Japan joined the Axis Powers and after Pearl Harbor, December 1941, the Church's missionary bishops of American and British nationality in the occupied territory were interned by Japan as war prisoners. Some were exchanged but others like Bishop Arnold Scott of North China and Bishop John Wellington of Shantung, Britishers, and Bishop William P. Roberts of Shanghai and Bishop Lloyd Craighill of Anking, Americans, remained in internment camps in China throughout the war. Bishop Lindel Tsen of Honan had been made Acting Chairman of the House of Bishops, in place of Bishop Scott, the Chairman, but his province was overrun by enemy forces and so he was unable to function in that capacity.

By force of circumstances this left only the T'e Pai Yuan, Executive Representative, as the duly elected officer free to act in behalf of the House of Bishops, both in his original capacity as liaison officer for the free provinces, and out of necessity, also to serve the dioceses in the occupied provinces. In this dual capacity I undertook a journey by land to Shanghai in October 1942, for information and consultation on the state of the Church throughout the country. It was an arduous trip not only because of the distances and poor means of transportation, but also because it involved crossing the fighting lines and no-man's land.

The first stage from Kunming to Kweiyang was in my own territory and was easily negotiated by postal trucks. En route I visited our churches at Kutsin, An Shun and Kweiyang and was cheered by the excellent work being done there. At Kutsin we also had a branch of our Hui Tien Hospital, with a clinic and a small in-patient department, which was serving as the teaching hospital for the Shanghai Medical College that had moved into our neighborhood and was under the direction of Dr. Daniel Lai, head of the local Public Bureau of Health. In Kweiyang a new church had been completed that year, centrally located on the city's main street directly across from the Chungshan Park. A short distance north of Kweiyang was our St. John's Mission at Tsung-Yi with the Rev. T. T. Yang, both as priest and headmaster of our Tsung Tao Elementary School. Nearby was Mei Tan, to which the Chekiang University had been moved. The Rev. Anthony Spurr, a Church Missionary Society representative from the Diocese of Chekiang, was there to work among the college students. The Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. had set up student relief work at the University, headed by Mr. T. F. Wang, a graduate of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, better known as Joe Wang. I first became acquainted with Mr. Wang at Brown University, where he was an active student leader, and in the autumn of 1941 it was my privilege to officiate at his wedding, in Kunming, at his banker-brother Mr. Tsinform Wong's villa. Mr. T. F. Wang is now a prominent industrialist in Taiwan.

From Kweiyang I made a detour southward to visit our clergy who had moved from Canton and Hongkong to Kukong and Kweilin. Kukong was the provisional capital of Kwangtung Province,

after Japan's occupation of Canton City, and Kweilin the capital of Kwangsi. In Kweilin I called on Canon Paul Tso, vicar of St. Paul's Church, Hongkong. He had gathered around him a congregation of refugee fellow-provincials and other Christians and was ministering to them under trying conditions. In Kukong I stayed with the Rev. Roland Koh and the Rev. John Chow who were serving refugees and making themselves useful in all sorts of ways. At that time Bishop R. O. Hall was on a speaking tour in England to raise a special fund for the Chinese Church. In his absence I did what I could to help his clergy. At Kukong I learned that Bishop S. T. Mok, Bishop Hall's Assistant, was recovering splendidly from his recent illness considering his advanced age, and that the Western missionaries in Hongkong had been interned at St. Stephen's College in Stanley, including Dean and Mrs. P. A. Rose of the Cathedral, the Wittenbachs of St. Andrew's Church, the Rev. and Mrs. Martin of the College.

From Kukong I proceeded north to Changsha, capital of Hunan Province and one of our strong church centers. I stopped with the Rev. Newton Liu. Changsha was my last stop on the Free China side of the battle-line. Accordingly I made the necessary preparations for the dash across the fighting zone. With Pastor Liu's help I was decked out as a peasant in secondhand clothing, for the enemy permitted farmers to cross their lines back and forth to bring farm produce to markets. Mr. Liu went over my disguise carefully and made me give up my Gillette shaving set and the B.V.D. underwear, as those articles would be incongruous on a Chinese peasant's body. Fortunately I got rid of them, for at the front, the Japanese soldiers made us strip to the skin in their examination.

My destination in the occupied territory took me through Central China's lake region. I obtained a night passage from Changsha on a native junk, and half a dozen farmers going my way let me join them. From the master of the boat I acquired the needed farmer's equipment, two bamboo baskets and a bamboo pole and some farm produce. The next morning we landed in enemy held territory. After examination by the Japanese soldiers, we proceeded on foot for a day's journey to Hankow. The farmers habitually walked at a brisk clip, shifting their loads now and then from one shoulder to the other and accompanying the sway-

ing motion of their strides with a sing-song "Hi Ho" chorus. I did likewise although it was hard to keep the pace at their speed. After a day of such forced march with a load, I was physically exhausted, with blisters on my soles and big lumps on my shoulders, but was blissfully happy, thankful that "the devil did not get the hindmost." As soon as possible I threw away the bamboo baskets.

Hankow being an important city on the Yangtse River and close to the war front, was administered by the Japanese army and the people were obliged to use the military notes. The city was well patrolled. I stopped with Dr. Harvey Huang, our local clergyman and a prominent church leader, who had been elected President of the Hankow Ministerial Union, organized at the behest of the military authorities. Dr. Huang and his able wife were highly respected by these authorities, who utilized his services as liaison with the Chinese people. A Japanese Christian minister, acting for the Japanese administration, was a frequent visitor at Dr. and Mrs. Huang's house, and I was introduced to him as "a country cousin on a visit." We got along quite well, although once in a while in his absent-mindedness Dr. Huang would address me "Bishop" much to the chagrin of Mrs. Huang. Fortunately the Japanese gentleman was somewhat slow of understanding.

I learned a great deal from Dr. Huang about the way churches in the occupied cities were able to carry on. He told the story of a congregation marching to the outskirts of their town in procession with full ecclesiastical regalia — vested choir, church banners, Sunday School children singing — to meet the incoming Japanese army. The Japanese loved pageantry and formalism and in this way the Christian community won the freedom to carry on church work unmolested. There were cases of Christian officers in the Japanese army protecting Chinese people against their own men, in times of confusion.

With Dr. Huang's help I got an early priority for a passage on a Japanese ship going down to Shanghai. I landed at Nanking, seat of the bogus Nanking Government. I intended to look up our clergymen in the city, but on account of a mishap, had to cut short the visit. The mishap happened as I was riding in

a rickety bus into the city. The bus was overcrowded and by a sudden jerk I was pushed against a window causing the plate glass to break. The bus driver said he had to report the damage to the Japanese inspector at the next stop, but he was sympathetic and helpful, telling me about the personality of the inspector and the way to handle him. It seemed that this Japanese gentleman, unlike most of his fellow-nationals, was a mild tempered person, who loved to be shown respect. His name in Chinese was Hsiao Ling, Little Forest, and the Chinese driver addressed him *Hsiao Ling Sen-san*, sen-san being a term of respect for one's teacher.

At the next bus stop, upon being informed of the breakage, the inspector telephoned headquarters and told me that I had to pay indemnity of a fairly high amount, as replacements had to be imported from Japan. I explained to *Hsiao Ling Sen-san* that I was a visitor from Hankow and as evidence showed him the Japanese military yen notes I carried, and therefore was unable to pay the indemnity. Furthermore, I did not have any intention of breaking the plate glass, for it was the crowd in the bus that forced me against the window. He turned to the phone again and after a long conversation, cut the indemnity in half. I persisted in my protestation of innocence. *Hsiao Ling Sen-san* phoned again, evidently pleading in my behalf, for he turned to me and said, "You may go; no fine." I was relieved not so much for the money involved, but because it saved me from becoming entangled with the Japanese bureaucrats, which might jeopardize my mission. I left Nanking by the next train.

In Shanghai I contacted Bishop E. S. Yui, who had been made Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Shanghai on May 31, Trinity Sunday, 1942, and had been put in charge of the diocese in the absence of the American missionary Bishop. Concurrently he was rector of St. Peter's Church, an old and strong parish. Bishop Yui was a remarkable person, having served as a missionary to Yunnan many years before under the Church Missionary Society, and as a student secretary for Chinese students who flocked to Japan in thousands after the Russo-Japanese War. Bishop Yui had been in poor health and passed away two years after his Consecration in 1944. I had several conferences with the Shanghai Committee on Medical Relief, that had been so helpful under the chairmanship of Dr. J. C. Hsia in organizing and financing

the medical units for service in Free China. I saw my mother for the last time, as she passed away a little later in my absence at the age of eighty-eight.

I did not see any of our Western missionaries, for they had either left the country or were in internment camps. A large group of them was interned at the Ta Hsia University in the western suburb of Shanghai and another large group was somewhere in the Yangtsepoo district in northeast Shanghai. We heard stories of Chinese friends bringing to the internees food and articles of personal use, and of Chinese servants helping their former employers financially. In the camps the political genius of the Westerners asserted itself. The internees organized themselves to maintain the essential functions of communal life. Members of the medical profession took care of the health of the internees and the clergy maintained their religious life.

A remarkable case of resourcefulness was the work of Dr. Bernard E. Read and his medical colleagues in extracting and manufacturing vitamins from weeds and even unlikely sources such as human hair, to supplement the prison diet and overcome malnutrition, especially among young children. Dr. Read was an authority on Chinese pharmacology and a pioneer researcher on Chinese herbs.

I was glad to find our two children, left in Shanghai, in excellent spirit and enjoying their schooling there. David was seventeen and had completed the first half year in engineering at St. John's University. Carol, thirteen, was at St. Mary's Hall. We made plans for them to go back to Kunming with me. It was a hard decision to make as the overland journey would be a long one and we had to go through the fighting zone. We secured passage for Hankow. With us came a young woman who had volunteered to work in Yun-Kwei. By the time we reached Hankow, winter had set in and some days it snowed. We joined a party that was to be conducted through the fighting zone by professional guides who knew the way. For days we waited for the opportune moment to start, while staying in a crowded hotel with those who like us wanted to go into Free China. The fighting at that time was sporadic, shifting from place to place so that the route that was considered safe to take one

day became unnegotiable the next. Several false starts we made, timed always at daybreak, only to return and wait for another chance. Finally the guides gave up and we were left to shift for ourselves. I did not think myself equal to bringing David and two young women through the fighting zone. Reluctantly they went back to Shanghai.

I made haste to push forward, for I had promised Mrs. Tsu to be back in Kunming for Christmas, 1942, and it was near Easter, 1943. I attached myself to a cloth merchant who was going to Changsha and became a cloth salesman, loaded with sample bolts of cloth. A young college student joined us. We went down river to a town where we could make our exit from occupied territory to Free China. We walked through the town, hired a boat to ferry us across a lake to the far shore which was in Free China. We started at night and the next morning we went ashore for our breakfast. Here our trouble began.

A band of men all dressed in black accosted us and told us to go back to our boat and go under escort to a village where we were kept under guard for the day and night and the following morning. We were repeatedly questioned together and singly by a young man, who, also dressed in all black, acted as the leader and looked like a school teacher. That night we slept on the mud floor of a farmer's barn with corn stalks for cover. In the middle of the night a grunting porker barged in and laid itself next to me. Probably I was the intruder at its regular place of abode. The pig's body heat was welcome but not its continuous snoring. What happened was that we had fallen into the hands of a band of guerillas, who were suspicious of anyone coming out of the occupied territory. Our boatman had assured us that the far side of the lake was clear, but this band happened to be there that morning. Eventually we were able to get freed through the guarantee of the village head, whom we had begged to intervene in our behalf. One of the guerillas was sympathetic and volunteered the information that the young college student looked suspiciously like a Japanese, for he had on a pair of western-style pants, and besides he kept putting his right hand into the pants pocket as if he had a gun. In fact, at one point the guerillas were prepared to shoot at us. Luckily all ended peace-

fully, but we had a big scare.

For days after this encounter with the Chinese guerillas, we made our way slowly on foot through mountainous terrain, sometimes in occupied territory and at other times in Free China, as the front lines were not marked but meandered according to terrain. Our only guides were the public posters, for in occupied territory they would be dated the 18th Year of Emperor Hirohito, while in Free China, the 32nd Year of the Republic. We had brought along both Japanese and Chinese currency, hidden in separate compartments in the hollow of our bamboo walking sticks, ready to use whichever kind the locality called for. At night we boarded with farmers wherever we happened to be.

One day it rained hard and we were soaking wet. That evening we dried ourselves beside the kitchen fire and for supper ate sweet potatoes with the farmer's family. For beds we took down the wooden doors from their hinges and rested them on stools. That night I was convulsed with high fever so that my bed shook violently to the annoyance of the others. For the next five days I could no longer walk but had to be carried on an improvised stretcher. I could not keep anything down, not even water. Fortunately we came to a little town where there was a public health station, manned by a graduate of the Cheeloo Medical College, Tsinan, Shantung Province. I had served once as a member of the Board of Cheeloo University, and the doctor recognized me. He gave me dextrose intravenously, which was the only nutrition I had until we got to Changsha and I was put into the Yale-in-China Hospital. On the way, the young college student was my constant companion and gave every help he could. My sickness was diagnosed as jaundice plus pleurisy. I stayed in the hospital a month. The hospital itself had been badly damaged with all the windows blown away and only the two lower floors were usable. Bishop R. O. Hall who had returned to China came to see me in the hospital and told me that Mrs. Tsu was trying to contact me, in vain.

Mrs. Tsu had asked the help of the American chaplains to broadcast the word among the army people to keep a lookout for me in Central China and give me a lift. When I was dis-

charged by the hospital, I was given a ride on a small bomber and was brought to Kunming in two hours, a journey which could have taken two weeks by truck. Thus ended a somewhat hazardous mission.

* * *

It was in the winter of 1943 that David and Carol finally succeeded in getting out of Shanghai. Mr. Tsinform Wong, the manager of the Kunming Bank of China, arranged for them to travel with the families of his staff members who were going to Kunming. Carol tells the exciting story of their three months' journey overland:

"From Shanghai we travelled by train to Hangchow, thence by truck to the Chien Tang River, which formed the border between occupied territory and Free China. There we boarded a native junk and travelled upstream for a week, and this was followed by a truck ride through the provinces of Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Hunan and Kweichow, and finally Kunming, Yunnan.

"Hangchow was in occupied territory, and Japanese troops guarded the city limits closely. There were twenty of us in the party, adults and children, on a freight truck without seats; we either stood or sat on our baggage. At the city limits, the guards demanded to see our travel permits. Next we were ordered to disembark for baggage examination. We were called into the crude guardhouse in twos and threes and questioned, but the questions put to us through the interpreters were trivial in nature. One of the girls was going to be married and had in her baggage many brightly colored dresses. There was much kidding and joking among the guards and we went along to humor them. Finally we were permitted to leave. The men went ahead and we tagged along. As the first man reached the truck, a Japanese guard without visible provocation suddenly struck him a heavy blow on his face so that his glasses fell on the ground. We were all stunned and frightened, not knowing what to expect next. But the guard just grunted loudly and shooed the men onto the truck, a little horseplay to amuse himself.

"By nightfall we reached the bank of the river and were housed in a farmer's barn for the night. It was half filled with hay. We were not to get out our bedding as we were to make an early start the next morning, and so we just covered ourselves with hay. Several times during the night we heard dogs barking and heavy marching steps outside. Then we would blow out our candles and keep still as mice.

"The junk ride up the Chien Tang River was slow but quite enjoyable for the scenery was enchanting. Four boatmen pushed the boat upstream with long strong bamboo poles. Some parts were so shallow that the passengers had to disembark to allow the boatmen to haul the boat forward with heavy ropes wound around their bodies. Leaving the river, we proceeded by truck the rest of the way through the provinces already mentioned, in a roundabout way to bypass the fighting areas.

"Following the Chinese tradition, we had a ten-day pause for New Year Holidays. Our truck was unloaded to give the driver his vacation. We stayed in a little village, which had a couple of restaurants, an inn and a village chapel. Food was plentiful and inexpensive, as contrasted with the situation in Shanghai. On Christmas Day we explored the little village chapel and found a Christmas Service going on, conducted by a woman evangelist in working clothes. We sat on crude benches without backs. The woman evangelist led our singing with a mouth harmonica, and we followed her singing one hymn over and over. There was no hymn book.

"The evangelist very kindly gave us permission to hold a Christmas party of our own, a candle-light service, very beautiful and meaningful. A St. John's student gave a little Christmas message and we sang Christmas carols that we could recall. Afterwards we had games, and a couple of us made up an impromptu one-act play. We enjoyed the evening gloriously, our first Christmas in Free China."

16. A CULTURAL MISSION ABROAD

During my absence, a telegram had come from Dr. T. V. Soong, Minister of Foreign Affairs asking me to go up to Chungking to see him in connection with a special mission that President Chiang wished to send abroad. I was then somewhere in Central China, and so Mrs. Tsu, without saying what I was doing, replied that I was on a trip and could not immediately be reached. On my return to Kunming from Changsha, when I learned about the message, I immediately flew to Chungking. Dr. Soong meanwhile had left for America, and I was briefed on the project by Dr. O. K. Yui, the Vice Minister. The project was to send a team of scholars and educators to America on a people-to-people mission for the purpose of cultivating mutual understanding, as the two nations were then deeply involved in the Pacific War.

Most of the team members had already left, including Professor Hsu Shu-hsi of Yenching University, Professor Paul C. T. Kwei of Wuhan University, Dr. Y. C. James Yen of the Mass Education Movement and President Wu Yi-fang of Ginling Women's College. Mrs. Waysung New, Board Chairman of Ginling Women's College, was in America and joined us there. I left China in June 1943 on a U. S. army plane for Washington, D.C. via India, Africa and South America. This was my first flight over the Afro-Asian deserts, where nothing living or moving could be seen from the plane except the shadow of the plane itself gliding monotonously over the endless expanse of brown sand. En route I suffered a relapse, and was hospitalized at Karachi, now of Pakistan, then of India. Col. H. H. H. Clark, who was commanding the Air Base at Karachi for the U.S. Air Force had me cared for at the army hospital at Malir about eight miles from the Airport.

The members of the mission periodically met for conference at the Chinese Embassy in Washington, D.C., where we maintained our desks, but most of the time we were "on the road" on assignments to address various organizations. As the only

clergyman on the team, my work was, as it were, "cut out for me," and my bailiwick was churches and related institutions. A pleasant week was spent at the Chautauqua Summer Institute in August 1944, in New York, serving as the week's chaplain, and giving lectures on Chinese religions. At Chautauqua, it was the tradition for the audience to applaud the speakers by waving handkerchiefs, which was quite a dramatic sight. It was there at Chautauqua that I made the acquaintance of the Rev. William C. Munds, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Christiana Hundred, Delaware.

This cultural mission in America gave me an opportunity to tell church people about the missionary work in my homeland. Mrs. Marmaduke Tilden of Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania, the President of the Diocesan Women's Auxiliary, invited me to address a luncheon meeting of Churchwomen in the Ballroom of Philadelphia's Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, with a notable gathering of 500 ladies present. Through Mrs. Tilden I met Dr. George D. Geckaler of Hahnamann Hospital, Philadelphia, who surprised me with a gift of one hundred dollars for my birthday anniversary. This started a birthday fund for the Church in China which grew to sizable proportions. Another friend whom I met for the first time on that occasion was Mrs. Welsh Strawbridge of Graeme Park, Hatboro, Pennsylvania, a donor of the birthday fund.

The Rev. Frederick Fleming, Rector of Trinity Church in New York City, got up a committee to raise a building fund for Yun-Kwei, which totalled fifty thousand dollars. The Rev. John De-Forest Pettus was Rector of All Saints by-the-Sea, Santa Barbara, California, when I first met him in America. He volunteered to serve as the Bishop's Commissary in America for Yun-Kwei. He was the son of Dr. and Mrs. William B. Pettus, veteran missionaries in Japan and China. His father was for years the President of the Peking College of Chinese Studies.

17. THE BISHOPS' MEMORANDUM

In May 1943 the Bishops of the Church in Free China held an important meeting in Chungking, our wartime national capital. It was their first time to be together since the Shanghai meeting of the House of Bishops in February 1941. The main purpose was to review the state of the Church, to assess the situation as affected by the war with Japan and to plan for the future. It was attended by all the five Bishops whose dioceses were in Free China, either partly or wholly. I made a report of what I learned about the conditions in the dioceses in the occupied territory. As a result of the consultations, the Bishops drew up a Memorandum, embodying their recommendations for presentation to the church authorities abroad, of which the main ones were:

1. The urgent need of a central administrative office for the Chinese Church.
2. The importance of central planning and the creation of central funds for the work of the whole Church in China, especially for postwar rehabilitation and advance.
3. Greater emphasis on recruiting and training for the Ministry.
4. New emphasis on work among youth and students.
5. Reiteration of the recommendation of the House of Bishops at its 1941 full session that the Chinese Church be free to elect its Bishops irrespective of nationality.

Historically the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, the Chinese branch of the Anglican Communion, grew out of the missionary work of the Anglican or Episcopal Church of Great Britain, the United States of America and Canada. Of the thirteen dioceses in China, two had been created by the Chinese Church, Shensi and Yun-Kwei, and the other eleven were formerly missionary districts under the mission boards of the Western Churches. The dioceses of Hankow, Anking and Shanghai along the Yangtse River were thus closely affiliated with the American Episcopal Church, the Diocese of Honan with the Anglican Church in Canada, and the remaining seven dioceses with the missionary so-

cieties of Great Britain. This historical background explains the fact that for a long time no uniform Prayer Book was used by all the dioceses, but different versions were current in the different dioceses based upon the Prayer Books of the Western Churches with which they were affiliated. This historical background also explains the fact that Western Bishops of the Chinese Church were elected abroad without Chinese participation.

The first step in turning the missionary districts into dioceses and thus creating the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui took place in 1912, and the unification was further strengthened in 1925. It was, however, a loose federation without a central administrative office or officers, except the Chairman of the House of Bishops. The new recommendations were aimed at strengthening the identity and unity of the Chinese Church, whereby the work of the Church in China could be effectively advanced. The recommendations involved a radical change in missionary policy, in the assigning of missionaries and mission funds, not to the individual dioceses, but to the Chinese Church as a whole.

As I was going abroad for the Government's cultural mission, the Bishops asked me, as the Executive Representative of the House of Bishops, to present their Memorandum to the Church authorities in Great Britain, Canada and the United States of America. The Memorandum bore the title, "The Crisis of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui."

I made a brief visit to Toronto in September 1943, when the Archbishops of the Anglican Church in Canada were meeting there. The Memorandum was referred to the Board of Missions for study and recommendation of action. It should be recorded that the Canadian Church was the first among the Western Churches to have a Chinese Bishop for its missionary district in China. The Canadian Church started work in the historic province of Honan in Central China in 1909 under the Rt. Rev. William C. White. In 1929 the Rt. Rev. Lindel Tsen was made Assistant Bishop of Honan and in 1934 he was elected the Diocesan Bishop in accordance with the Canons of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, while Bishop William C. White became his Assistant.

In October 1943 the American Episcopal Church held its Tri-

ennial General Convention in Cleveland, Ohio under the Presiding Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Henry St. George Tucker. I was invited to address a joint session and missionary rally. The convention gave very cordial reception to the China Bishops' Memorandum. A sum of $8,000.00 was voted for the initial budget of a provisional central office of the Church in China for 1944-1945, together with the offer of at least one American missionary to serve on its staff. Full recognition was given for the authority of the Chinese Church to elect its Bishops, and henceforth American Bishops serving in the Chinese Church would have seats in the House of Bishops of the American Church but without vote. Regarding financial arrangements, it was recommended that as the American Church was planning for a "Reconstruction and Advance Fund" for world missions, the question be deferred.

Bishop W. P. Roberts of Shanghai and Bishop Lloyd Craighill of Anking, who had been interned in China, were repatriated to America in April 1944. From then on they participated in the consultations on the Memorandum. They urged that the existing relationships between the American Church and the three dioceses in China for which the American Church was responsible be not disturbed, but that the proposed central agency of the Chinese Church concentrate its attention on student work, recruiting for the ministry, etc. Their view was not in full accord with the proposals of the Bishops in China for central funds and central planning and the allocation of missionary personnel and missionary funds from abroad to the Chinese Church instead of to the individual dioceses. Their view, however, prevailed and became the guide-line of the American Church in its postwar dealings with the Church in China.

In September 1944 I had an opportunity to visit England. A British navy plane flew me from Washington, D.C. to London. His Grace the Archbishop and Mrs. Temple received me as their guest at the Canterbury Palace. Dr. Temple was ill but he graciously received me in his sick room. I did not realize how ill he was and that he was to pass away a month later. London was then under severe nightly bombing by the Nazi planes. The city was blacked out completely at night, so that companions had to hold hands if they did not want to lose each other. The stations of the Underground served as dormitories for many people. To a

1912 General Synod of the Church in China
Front row, seated: Members of House of Bishops [Author, standing behind 3rd bishop from right]

visitor from abroad it was a stirring experience to see a brave people going through the trials of a national crisis in such a magnificent spirit.

The British missionary societies responded to the China Bishops' Memorandum most magnanimously. A special fund was raised under the leadership of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, known as the Archbishops China Fund, and the amount of 100,000 pounds sterling was fully subscribed. In addition, the Diocese of Chester made a donation of 10,000 pounds sterling, which was known as the Chester Fund.

One Sunday morning I had the privilege of preaching in Westminster Abbey. I cannot recall any particulars about that Service, except the fact that I was overwhelmed with a sense of awe and a feeling of being absorbed in the somber atmosphere of the immense historic edifice, the national shrine of a great nation, witnessing to the universality and continuity of the Christian Faith down the ages, as is voiced by the hymn, *Faith of Our Fathers, Holy Faith.*

Mrs. Tsu and our four children joined me while I was in America. They flew from Kunming to Calcutta on March 8, 1944, travelled to Bombay by train and after a month-long wait, secured passage on a troop ship, the SS Mariposa. After a hazardous sea voyage lasting a month and thirteen days, they landed in Boston Harbour on Saturday, May 23rd, amid great activities later known as due to preparations for D-Day. Of the children's first impressions of America, Mrs. Tsu wrote:

"Our children were fascinated with their first sight of America. Robert in bewilderment whispered to me, 'Gee, what a lot of Americans.' We went down to Northford, Connecticut and stayed with my brother Arthur Huie and his wife, Isabel. We urgently needed new clothing and Isabel took us out shopping and we were fitted inside out with new American clothes. Bishop Tsu, who was preaching on Sunday at the Albany Cathedral, joined us on Monday and together we went down to New York City. In China the children had heard from the American GIs glowing accounts of a fabulous place, called Coney Island, and so we all went and spent a whole afternoon and evening there. Kin was

given a dollar, which he changed into a hundred pennies and took in everything within reach. Thus our China-born children felt they were duly initiated into the American way of life."

That summer David entered Yale for an accelerated course in Electrical Engineering, and with the help of Bishop Henry K. Sherrill of Massachusetts got a partial scholarship. Robert went to Mt. Hermon in the fall and Carol entered the Junior Department of Dana Hall, Wellesley, Massachusetts. Kin and Mrs. Tsu settled in a missionary apartment of the Princeton Theological Seminary. Kin was enrolled in the Princeton Country Day School. While he could speak in English, Kin had very slight reading knowledge of the language, and so had to have someone reading to him the arithmetic exercises. He also had to take French and second year Latin. The last seemed beyond all possibility and he was advised to give it up. Instead of giving up, Mrs. Tsu coached him during the Christmas-New Year vacation, and to the surprise of everyone, especially his Latin teacher, Kin got excellent marks and stood at the top of the Latin class. In 1946 he was ready for St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, when Dr. Norman Nash was the Rector.

While in America, I had the privilege of participating in the Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Angus Dun as the Bishop of Washington, held in the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul on April 19, 1944. I had become acquainted with Dr. Dun when he was the Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and he graciously invited me to be one of the co-Consecrators to assist the Consecrator, the Rt. Rev. Henry St. George Tucker, the Presiding Bishop.

Convocation of Canterbury, Westminster, London, 1944
Bishop Goeffrey Fisher, presiding. Visiting Bishops, Henry Hobson,
George Oldham & Andrew Tsu

18. ARMY CHAPLAINCY

In January 1945 an invitation came from the U.S. Army Headquarters in China asking me to serve as a civilian chaplain for U.S. army personnel in the Burma Road area. Before this we had tried to be of service to army people in our neighborhood. This appointment opened up wider opportunities of service. In my travels to visit our mission centers, I took along both church vestments and the GI uniform so that wherever I came across U.S. army units I would be ready to serve as their chaplain. Not being an American citizen, I did not have an officer's rank, but I wore on my uniform the Chaplain's silver cross.

My immediate superior was Col. John C.W. Linsley, Senior Chaplain of the China Theatre and a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. The Rev. John A. Schultz, Rector of Trinity Church, Ambler, Pennsylvania, was a chaplain in China at that time, and I had the pleasure of entertaining him in Kunming. Another colleague was Chaplain Thomas Mangon of New York, who was with the Base Hospital outside Kunming. I also recall Chaplain Dwight Burkham, a frequent visitor at our Kunming Church, and Chaplain Fine, a rabbi, who often helped out in conducting Christian worship for the men where no Christian clergymen were available. A fine spirit of camaraderie prevailed among the chaplains of different religious backgrounds.

I made myself useful wherever I could. On rare occasions I was called on to help an enlisted man extricate himself out of the mess he had got himself into. One morning a desperate GI called at Bishopscourt, through another chaplain's introduction. The young man was scheduled to return to America the next day, and as if for a final fling, he visited a resort of questionable repute the evening before. On returning to camp, he found his wallet missing with all his papers and savings in it. Fortunately he remembered the place. We contacted the police and they put pressure on the proprietor, and he in turn located the hostess that had entertained the GI and the missing wallet was restored to the soldier with his money and papers intact.

A small unit of the British Navy was stationed up the hills in my area, manning a weather observation post. I was asked to conduct monthly services for them. Thus I had the privilege of serving both American and British personnel. A number of American missionaries in China also served as civilian chaplains, but I believe I was the only chaplain of the Chinese nationality in the U.S. Army in China. At the close of the Pacific War, a Citation for Meritorious Civilian Service was presented to me by the Chaplain-General, Washington, D.C.

American GIs were very popular among the Chinese children, for they were friendly and their uniform pockets seemed always stocked with candies and chewing gum, which they gave away freely. Some of them "adopted" little ones in the war orphanages and regularly contributed for their support. In some cases, the soldiers continued the support of the little ones even after they returned to America. In Kunming there was a fine private school, known as En Kwong School, Light of Grace, whose Principal was Mrs. Pearl Hsu, wife of Professor T. Y. Hsu of Yunnan University. American army friends were frequent visitors there and also at the Children's Refuge for those orphaned by the war, that Mrs. Hsu organized with the help of the Christian women of Kunming.

Many American soldiers lost their lives in China during the Pacific War. Our people are eternally grateful for their sacrifices in our behalf. In commemoration a new church was built in Kunming, known as the Allied Memorial Church, which was dedicated on December 15, 1946. Mr. Lin Hua, the architect, designed a beautiful building in the classical style, reminiscent of the ancient palaces and temples of China, with sweeping roofs and up-turned roof corners, where little bronze bells swing musically in the gentle breeze. The eaves were brilliantly painted with symbolic designs in polychrome and the grey walls were balanced with white marble balustrades and steps. The sanctuary with the marble altar was lit by indirect sky light, while the aisles had electric lights encased in ornamental Chinese lanterns.

The architecture of the new church harmonized with the general contours of Kunming city, the only distinctive feature being the white marble cross surmounting the rooftop, marking it as a place of Christian worship. Kunming, or Yunnanfu by its ancient name,

being the outpost of the Empire facing Southeast Asia, was conceived and built in a grand style with features reminiscent of the grandeur of the Northern Capital Peking, such as the gorgeous and impressive city gates with their ornate *pailous*, towers, and gold and red pillars.

On the right and left sides of the main gate of the church were two marble plaques, bearing the Memorial Inscription, one in Chinese and the other in English:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
IN MEMORY OF ALLIED SOLDIERS
WHO DIED IN CHINA
1937-1945

For the dedication of the new church I made my last official visit to Kunming. At that time I had already moved to my new post, the Church's National Office at Nanking, and the Rt. Rev. Quentin Huang had been consecrated Bishop of Yun-Kwei as my successor, but he was absent in America and I was asked to give a measure of supervision over my old District. The Dedication Service was attended by a large and representative gathering of local Christians and community leaders, such as Mr. L. C. King, the industrialist, Mr. C. H. Wang, the General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. Frank Ling, prominent engineer, and the Rev. John Chow, vicar of St. John's Church. Of great significance was the presence of a platoon of American Army personnel, a detachment from the Graves Registration Contingent that was in the city at the time. Their presence lent a touch of poignancy and realism to the dedication of the Memorial Church.

Into the new church went a large number of memorial gifts, among which special mention should be given to the donation from the officers and men of the 69th Composite Wing Headquarters, Kunming, China, c/o Lt. Col. Lloyd I. Gibbons of Princeton, New Jersey: "To the Memory of Those Officers and Enlisted Men of the 69th Composite Wing of the U.S. 14th Army Air Force Who Gave Their Lives during the War in China."

Before leaving Kunming, my last act was to visit the grave of Lieutenant Robert E. Glessner of Rochester, New York. A letter

had come to me from his mother, asking me to look up his grave. She wrote, "If I knew someone had looked up Laddie's grave, it would be a great comfort to me." I found the grave with its white cross bearing the Lieutenant's name and dates, in a small army cemetery in the outskirts of Kunming, on a hillside overlooking a peaceful valley. An American flag floated gently in the morning breeze. As was usual with Kunming weather, a bright sun was shining and wild flowers bloomed everywhere. Lieutenant George J. Bender, who had taken me to the cemetery, stood at attention and gave the salute, while I said prayers at the grave. I gathered a spray of wild flowers and mailed it to the mother. When a note of thanks came back from her for this little courtesy, I recall saying to myself, "Not for her to thank me, but for me to thank God for the privilege of ministering to a bereaved mother far away." On a subsequent visit to America, I met this lady in the Rev. Dr. George L. Cadigan's St. Paul's Church, Rochester, New York, when I was preaching there on Sunday morning. From her I learned that Lieutenant Glessner's remains had been brought back to America and buried next to his father's in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia.

19. POST-WAR RECONSTRUCTION

The Sino-Japanese War ended on August 10, 1945 with the surrender of Japan. There was jubilation throughout the land, but it was subdued and tinged with anxiety and a sense of uncertainty for the future. The long drawn out struggle had played havoc with the nation's economy, and the people were spiritually as well as financially exhausted. Furthermore, the communists had utilized the war years in greatly expanding their military forces, so that they were able openly to challenge the authority of the Central Government. The political situation was further complicated by Russia's tactics. Having held out for years against aligning with the Allies in the Pacific War, Russia declared on August 8th that as of August 9th a state of war existed between Japan and Russia, thus giving Russia the pretext for pouring her troops into Manchuria and seizing all Japanese assets there, as war prizes, without a struggle. She carted away what she needed and turned over the remainder to the Chinese communists. She obstructed the despatch of Central Government troops into Manchuria, while facilitating the take-over by communist forces.

The immediate task facing the Church at the conclusion of the war was to pick up the broken pieces and try to rebuild the shattered life of the local churches. Bishop Percy Stevens of the Diocese of Kwangsi-Hunan, who had been staying with us at Bishopscourt, rushed back to Kweilin, only to find his Church in ruins with the rest of the city. He and another missionary moved into their servant's quarters and contrived to have a temporary roof put over it thus making a shelter for themselves. Bishop A. A. Gilman got back to Hankow on October 6th, and wrote: "There is but one foreign residence left for us... The ground floor of the Bishop's House is occupied by Chinese guests, while the Bishop is without furniture. I hope to find a bathtub and some army cots." Bishop Addison Hsu, Bishop Stevens' Assistant, who had been recuperating at Bishopscourt after a long illness, returned to Kwangsi-Hunan with his family as soon as transportation became available. With him also went two mis-

sionaries, Deaconess Couch and Deaconess Blankinsop. During the war, Kunming was a convenient refuge and rendezvous for missionaries and church workers from abroad and other dioceses. The Bishopscourt had the pleasure of playing host to many church people. At one time, besides Bishop Stevens and Bishop Addison Hsu, we also had Father Robert E. Wood and Father Walter P. Morse, S.S.J.E., Misses Bowne and Monteiro, and the Gilbert Bakers. Somehow there was always room to spare for an extra guest.

In November 1945, I got a ride in an American plane on evacuation duty and flew down to Shanghai, and from there flew to Peking to call on the Rt. Rev. Arnold Scott, Bishop of North China and Chairman of the House of Bishops. He had just left the internment camp at Weihsien and gone back to Peking. He had been cut off from news about events in the outside world during his internment, and so I made a report of church events at home and abroad. He learned for the first time about the actions taken by the Bishops in Free China, such as the Bishops' Memorandum and the responses of the "Home Churches" abroad concerning the creation of a central agency for the Chinese Church. With characteristic graciousness, Bishop Scott gave what he called his "grateful approval" for these actions. In Shanghai, I also saw the Rt. Rev. John Wellington, Bishop of Shantung, just out of internment prior to his return to his Diocese. I met with the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Shanghai, which had been taking care of the diocesan affairs under the able chairmanship of the Rev. Stephen Wei, vicar of All Saints' Church, Shanghai. In December Bishop W. P. Roberts of Shanghai and Bishop Lloyd Craighill of Anking and the Rev. Claude L. Pickens of Hankow returned from America to Shanghai, "just in time for Christmas festivities" as Bishop Roberts put it.

Back in March 1945 the Bishops in Free China had asked me to proceed with setting up a provisional central office for the Church in Chungking, our war-time capital. Through the courtesy of Col. J. L. Huang, General Secretary of the New Life Movement, we were given office space at the New Life Community Center. Mr. Henry Lin, a Churchman and Director of the National Mint, agreed to take charge of the central office. He was later succeeded by Mr. Jordan Liu, an officer of the New Life Movement who was

in charge of the Community Center. Mr. Liu came from a church family and his father, the Rev. Yu-chia Liu, was one of the early priests of the Diocese of Hankow.

The first important work of the central office was to help the dioceses in the occupied territory to get back church property that had been seized and used by Japanese agencies and at the end of the war taken over by the Chinese Government Commission in charge of enemy property. The Bishop of Honan, the Rt. Rev. Lindel Tsen, made the first request for such help. We took up the question with the Secretary-General, Dr. Chiang Mon-lin of the Executive Yuan, and in response, he issued an "Executive Order" to all provincial and municipal authorities and all commissions in charge of enemy property, to relinquish church property identified as originally belonging to the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui. This Executive Order was published in the newspapers throughout the land.

The Executive Order, however, did not automatically solve this knotty problem, in the confused post-war period. To effect the release of sequestered church property, much depended upon the goodwill and cooperation of local authorities and regional military commanders. Thus when the clergy in Wusih in the Diocese of Shanghai asked for the release of a house occupied by Chinese army units, it was necessary for us to negotiate with General Tang En-po, the regional commander in person. Similarly the same procedure had to be followed with requests for help from the Dioceses of Kwangsi-Hunan and South China. In this work, Mr. Jordan Liu's familiarity with bureaucratic idiosyncrasies and his wide circle of acquaintance, gained in the service of the New Life Movement and the Officers Moral Endeavor Association, were put to good use for the Church.

As a token of the reunited Church, the central office published for 1946 a Church Calendar in fourteen sheets, giving such information as the names of the Dioceses and of their Bishops, the Seasons and special Days of the Church Year, and other relevant data. Other publications of a special nature were issued as the need arose for them.

On September 3, 1945, immediately after the war ended, the Bishops in Free China met again, this time in Kunming. Bishop

John Curtis of the Diocese of Chekiang in the former occupied territory was able to meet with us. They decided to keep the central office in Chungking for the time, and instructed me to arrange for a full session of the House of Bishops at an early date and at a centrally located place convenient for the Bishops of both the eastern and the western provinces. Eventually it was held in Shanghai in March 1946.

Before the meeting of the House of Bishops, I received a letter from the leaders of the Communist delegation, Chou En-lai and Tung Pi-wu, who were stationed in Chungking, as liaison for the Yenan set-up during the war. The letter was addressed to the members of the House of Bishops of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, and its purport was to extend an invitation for the Church to send workers, both Chinese and missionaries, preachers and doctors and teachers, to work in the area under Communist rule, including the building of churches, schools and hospitals. Full protection and freedom of religion were guaranteed and all necessary facilities promised.

The Bishops were puzzled as to the motivation of the letter, especially as it seemed to contradict the known policy and practice of Communists toward religion, especially Christianity, and toward missionaries. They wondered whether it might not be a move aimed at creating a favorable image at a time when the Communist group at Yenan was trying to win international recognition and assistance. In the official reply, I was instructed to say that while appreciating the goodwill expressed in the letter, the Sheng Kung Hui as a religious body could not rely upon political patronage but would carry out its mission wherever it felt the need called for.

At the 1946 meeting in Shanghai, the Bishops voted for a reorganization of the central office, as provisionally set up in Chungking, and its removal to Nanking, as the National Government had returned to its peace-time Capital. The new office of General Secretary for the Church's National Office was created and I was appointed to it. This necessitated my relinquishing the care of Yun-Kwei and moving from Kunming to Nanking. To succeed me, Dr. Quentin Huang, Ven. Archdeacon of Kweichow, was duly elected as the new Bishop for Yun-Kwei. He was consecrated in

America, on August 14, 1946 at All Saints by-the-Sea, Santa Barbara, California, at the invitation of the Rector, the Rev. John DeF. Pettus and his Vestry, and the Rt. Rev. W. Bertrand Stevens of the Diocese of Los Angeles officiated as the Consecrator.

Our Chungking office was closed in May 1946 and the new Nanking office was opened in the following month. One crisp morning in May I bade goodbye to my people in Kunming and set out in an old jeep for a fifteen hundred mile cross-country journey for my new assignment.

20. A CROSS-COUNTRY JEEP RIDE

By mid-May 1946, preparations for my final departure from Yun-Kwei were completed. The Ven. Quentin Huang, Archdeacon of Kweichow and our Bishop-elect, after a week's conference with us in Kunming, had returned to Kweiyang. Mr. Roger Arnold of the Y.M.C.A. of Kunming had kindly agreed, with the help of Mr. Cheng Yuan-lo, to take care of the Treasurer's work for Yun-Kwei. The new Allied Memorial Church was nearing completion and the last installment of the building fund had been turned over to the Building Committee with the Rev. John Chow as Chairman. Mr. Frank Ling, Deputy Director of the Yunnan-Szechuen Railway and everybody's friend, had put my old jeep in ship-shape condition for the long cross-country journey. This jeep was a free gift from an American army sergeant who with his own hands had built it out of spare parts left in the army surplus dump, of which he was in charge at the closure of the U.S. Army Depot in Kunming. He was an Episcopalian and a frequent visitor at Bishopscourt.

It was not easy to pull away from Yun-Kwei, where Mrs. Tsu and I had put six of our best years in its development. But the Church had called me to another pioneering job. I left with a grateful heart.

I started out from Kunming on a crisp-clear morning, such as only Kunming dwellers knew. When I came to the first long pull over the rim surrounding the Kunming plateau, it became painfully clear that the jeep was overloaded. I had with me three adults and a child besides myself on the jeep and a trailer piled high with our baggage, tins of gasoline, oil and spare parts. I was forced to go back to Kutsin, our mission station east of Kunming, discharge the passengers, give up the trailer with its contents of gasoline and oil and spare parts, replace the burnt-out clutch and start out again for Kweiyang two hundred miles to the east. This section of the highway was sometimes bothered by bandits, and so I was glad to have as a companion Mr.

Courtney Archer of the Friends Ambulance Unit who at the time was helping us run the little Kutsin Hospital and who wished to go to Kweiyang to recruit some nurses.

Along the highway between Kunming and Kweiyang were service stations of the Chinese Army under a friend, General L. Chien, from whom I had borrowed the trailer. Formerly these service stations were run by American GIs, but were taken over by the Chinese Army after the war ended. One depot was manned by a group of young overseas mechanics from Malaya. They were a lively bunch. As there was no mechanical lift to raise the jeep, they simply removed the battery, rested the jeep on its side and got at the under parts. The lubrication done, they righted the jeep on its wheels, restored the battery to its place and sent me on my way in no time.

Altogether I drove through six provinces — Yunnan, Kweichow, Hunan, Kiangsi, Anhui and Kiangsu, a total of 1,500 miles, taking twenty days. It was probably the longest solo drive by jeep in Chinese record, from Kunming to Nanking. No single sentence could describe the conditions of the roads in the different provinces. In Yunnan and Kweichow where mountain passes rose to some 7,000 feet or more above sea level, the roads were tortuous and difficult to negotiate. I went up the famous "Twenty-four Hair Pin Curves" in the mountains west of Kweiyang, reduced to twenty-two turns by American army engineers, in second gear. From the distance the climb looked as if it were up a perpendicular cliff and the curves were piled one upon the other. There used to be many accidents of cars plunging over the sides, but the roadway had been widened and more evenly leveled, thanks to the American army engineers. West of Kweiyang I passed by a giant waterfall, several hundred feet wide. For a traveller who sees it for the first time, it is hard to believe that he is seeing the tall and wide waterfall in Central China, and not somewhere in Central Africa.

Somewhere in Kweichow I came upon a turban-wearing custom. Everybody wore white turbans — men, women and children. The custom could be found in Hunan, and it spread into Szechuen and Yunnan, thus linking the people of West China with those of Indo-China and India. In a little mountain hamlet I met a tiny

tot with bare legs and coatless, but wearing a huge pile of white muslin on his head that tilted at a dangerous angle, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Some sections of the highway were in very poor condition so that even in low gear the bumps were severe and brakes had to be in constant use. Once a big bump knocked the battery unit out of the car, which necessitated an overnight stop to have the smashed case replaced and the battery recharged. Some parts were cut across by irrigation ditches, for it was rice planting time. The worst roads were found in Anhui Province, my own native place where the ancestors of the Tsu Clan, including the famous Sung Dynasty scholar, Chu Hsi, had their original homesteads. At several crossings over wide streams, the bridges were either wholly or partly gone. Where I could I forded them, but there was always the danger of stalling in mid-stream. The jeep with its high chassis and four-wheel drive was a great help.

At one ferry crossing, its wooden barge had been sunk by an overweight military vehicle. Lines of trucks were waiting for the arrival of a new barge. Uncertain when the new barge would arrive, I took the matter into my own hands. I rented a native junk, hired half a dozen farmhands and had the jeep transported across the stream. The flagman at the checkpoint on the other side was so surprised to see me driving up, a lone jeep on a deserted highway. Only a jeep could handle an impossible situation like the missing ferry.

On a make-shift bridge over a wide muddy river, temporary planks had been laid over the cross-trestles in two rows to fit the truck wheels, leaving a wide open space between them. Military trucks with double wheels and army drivers with iron nerves would have no difficulty in negotiating the bridge. My nerves faltered in mid-stream at the sight of the wide open space in the middle, and the planks happened to be wet with rain. As a result, the wheels on the left side slipped and fell into the open space. Fortunately it happened over a cross-trestle, which held the tilted jeep. By chance there was a spare plank left on the river bank. Placing it under the wheels, with the cross-trestle serving as fulcrum, I managed to back up the wheels onto the bridge again.

They told me that this section of the highway used to be in "no man's land" and the bridges had been blown up to impede the progress of the invaders. The roadbeds were poorly laid, and after many ten-wheel military vehicles had gone over them, the longitudinal ruts were so deep and the intervening ridges so high that in some places I had to drive the jeep diagonally in zig-zags to make headway at all. Our common folk were long-suffering and unmurmuring. Ten months after Victory Day, such road conditions were allowed to remain. According to the cynical ones, the reason the highways were not put into better condition was because the "big shots" no longer travelled by surface vehicles but used high-flying planes.

Midway on my trip across the country, I picked up a small boy of about ten at Shengyang in Hunan Province. I was having a hurried lunch at a roadside lunch counter, when I became aware of the little fellow, watching me, one hand with an empty bowl and the other with a pair of chopsticks. He did not appear like a common beggar urchin, though bare to the waist and barefooted. Out of curiosity, I said to him, "How about going to Nanking with me, where I could put you in a school?" Without answering, he rushed away and the next minute returned with his mother, who had a small baby strapped on her back. She too looked neat in peasant dress.

I was told that they were from a neighboring village. This part of Hunan Province was overrun by the Japanese army. The farmers fled to the hills, and when they returned after V-Day, found their homes burned and their farms covered with weeds. The woman and her two children were in town to get whatever help they could, while the father was working to restore the farm. She was quite suspicious of my intentions, for it was not uncommon for strangers to take away little boys and sell them "down the river." But the bystanders came to my rescue. They saw the big white cross I had painted on my jeep to ward off commandeering by unruly soldiers, as jeeps were considered military machines. Also painted on was the name, Sheng Kung Hui, of the Church. They assured the woman that I was not the kind in the business of stealing children. The mother agreed to my proposal, but on condition that the boy would write home once a month. The deal was completed with a document drawn up on the spot by

a local scribe and signed by the mother with a cross under her name. Before leaving I had lunch served the mother and the boy, and gave her some money to bring home as a gift.

At the next town, the little boy was given a physical check at a mission clinic, and I bought some clothes and a pair of shoes for him. He did not wear the shoes but remained bare-footed, for he wanted to save the shoes for special occasions. His name was Shih Kwei-chu, "Autumn Flower of Stone Family." At school he developed into a fine student, bright and friendly. He brought back the teacher's report one day, showing him second in the class, but he was not happy, because he complained "the number one student was a girl." The following Christmas he was, at his own request, baptised at our St. Paul's Church in Nanking.

The sequel of this "B.B.B." story (Bishop's Beggar Boy) was sad and unexpected, and we only learned about it a year later when we were visited by his cousin from the boy's village. The mother returned home with the money but without the boy. She cheerfully reported the little transaction at Shengyang, but some mischievous village gossip started the rumor that the mother had sold the child and made up the fabulous story of a stranger generously promising to send the boy to school. She protested her innocence and asked for patience for the boy's letter should be arriving soon. In those postwar days the postal service was badly disrupted and weeks passed without any letter coming from Nanking. The mother began herself to doubt the honesty of the stranger and blamed herself for having been taken in so easily. She wandered around the neighborhood calling for her lost child, and each day she wandered farther afield. One evening she did not return home, and the next day she was still missing. On the third day, search parties found the little baby left on the bank of a stream, starved to death, but the mother was not seen again. Shortly afterwards the first letter from the boy arrived.

Church friends in Detroit, Michigan, the Rev. J. A. Scantlebury of St. Timothy's, the Rev. J. G. Widdifield of St. Paul's Memorial, and the Rev. W. C. Hamm of St. Joseph's got their church school children to "adopt" Autumn Flower as their missionary project and finance his schooling, while Mrs. Fred Birtch of St. Timothy's acted as liaison and collected clothing for him. Mrs. Charles

Fisher of Boston, Massachusetts, who lost a son in China also took an interest in Autumn Flower. He entered a trade school in Shanghai to become a mechanic. He was always cheerful and dependable and a natural leader among his peers.

As to church conditions along the way across the country, I did not have much time to investigate. In Kweiyang I found the Archdeacon and his family were in the midst of preparations to go abroad for his Consecration. In Hengyang, Hunan, I noticed the streets full of wandering children who looked famished, for the region was struck by a drought. Flour was being distributed in a church building. Our church was destroyed, and the Rev. Yu Shao-wen had moved into a small mission cottage across the river, in an isolated corner of the city, which suggested that little parish work was being carried on.

At Wuhu, in the Diocese of Anking, I stopped with the Rev. Hunter Yen of the city church. The next morning he took me to call on the Rt. Rev. Robin Chen, Assistant Bishop, at the Lion Hill compound. The Bishop's health had somewhat improved but not yet above par, an indirect casualty of the war. The Rt. Rev. Lloyd Craighill was away on a visit to Anking. The compound looked bare without the school children, but still attractive with the shady trees. At the Convent, a branch of the Convent of the Transfiguration, the Mother House of which is at Glendale, Ohio, U.S.A., Sister Constance told us a delightful story of the buried convent bell. It was a large and gaily painted temple bell, and when the Japanese were about to take the city of Wuhu, the bell was buried underground, and the Japanese never discovered it. At the time of the surrender, the convent buildings were handed over directly by the Japanese to the Church. When the bell was dug up and restored to the bell tower, the Japanese were puzzled and chagrined much to the amusement of the Sisters. As we were visiting the Convent Chapel, the bell tolled the noon hour, and all heads were bowed in silent prayer for missions.

After lunch with Bishop Robin Chen, I sallied forth for the last lap of my journey and by late afternoon had reached Nanking, the 10th of June, 1946. Through the generosity of the Rt. Rev. W. P. Roberts, Bishop of the Diocese of Shanghai, the new National Office was given the use of a mission house and half of an-

other house in a compound at 209 Pai Hsia Lu. I was told that the name of the street, Pai Hsia, was derived from the ancient classical name for the city of Nanking, or the ancient town that occupied a part of the modern site. Thus ended the cross-country jeep ride, covering 1,500 miles and twenty days.

21. CHUNG HUA SHENG KUNG HUI

Post-war Nanking in the summer of 1946 was a booming city. Spread over a vast area and surrounded by a high wall twenty-two miles in circumference, it was an impressive capital for the country. The Government had moved back from Chungking and the streets were thronged with new people. Dominating the landscape was picturesque Purple Mountain a few miles away, with the Sun Yat-sen Mausoleum atop it. Flowing by the city, placid and majestic, was the Yangtse River. Outside the Hsia-Kwan Gate, the Railway Ferry crossed the river, connecting the Tientsin-Pukow Railway from North China with the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, which terminated at the Port of Shanghai on the coast, 170 miles away.

One felt a sense of elation in coming into Nanking, pulsating with new life and capital of the Nation. It was a strong center of missionary work, with the University of Nanking and the Ginling Woman's College, the Nanking Theological Seminary and our own Central Theological School, and a dozen large churches of various denominations. We had St. Paul's Church in the center of the city and the Hsia-Kwan Church with its impressive architecture in the shape of an octagonal temple, designed by Mr. J. Van Wie Bergamini.

At a central location the Government was building an imposing National Convention Hall, where the National Assembly was to hold its sessions, beginning November 12, 1946 for the purpose of promulgating the Constitution of the Republic of China, originally scheduled for 1937 but postponed because of the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War in that year. November 12th was the birthday anniversary of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the "Father of the Republic," and it was to be the date on which to celebrate the First Anniversary of Victory over Japan.

For the Chinese people in South China, the summer of 1946 looked bright and full of hope and promise. Ordinary folk like us did not fully realize the serious situation the country was in

at that time, and certainly did not anticipate what was to take place in three short years. We stubbornly held to the great hopes for the future of the country sparked by the Victory, and were glad that peace had returned to give us the opportunity to rebuild and serve the nation in our respective fields.

The House of Bishops having given the mandate to set up the National Office of the Church in Nanking, I went ahead with all despatch, with whatever resources at our disposal. The Bishops' action was still provisional, in that the final approval for the creation of the National Office had to await action by the General Synod of the Church scheduled to meet in the summer of 1947. The Bishops felt justified in their action in the light of the urgent need for a central administrative agency for initiating, co-ordinating and financing the inter-diocesan efforts for the rehabilitation and advancement of the Church's work in the post-war period.

The buildings put at the disposal of the National Office had for five years or more been occupied by Japanese army personnel and were in disrepair. We made some necessary repairs and began work in mid-June, 1946. In my first letter from Nanking, dated June 16, 1946, I reported:

> "For the present, the National Office exists in name largely, for we have not a chair or a desk of our own. Some of the correspondence on the first day was done on the floor and on the portable typewriter that I had brought with me from far-away Kunming. It is amusing to muse that I started the Bishopric of Yun-Kwei in 1940 with the same old typewriter acquired 15 years before secondhand, in a bare room with only a bed and a table. Now I am starting the National Office of the Church in a bare room with only a camp-cot also brought with me from Kunming, and a school desk borrowed from St. Paul's Sunday School, through the courtesy of the Rev. S. C. Kuo, the vicar."

I was glad I had my old jeep. Nanking was a city of tremendous distances and the old car was a real help. But I almost failed to get the driving license in Nanking. In China, it was necessary to get a local license in each city. The clerk at the traffic control office was dubious about issuing a license to me as the regulation was that no new license could be issued to anyone over fifty years of age, and at the time of my application I had already passed my sixtieth birthday. I tried to make him understand that having driven a car for so many years I was probably better qualified than a younger man half my age. I was to return in a week to the traffic control office to hear the verdict of his superior. They did grant me a new license, but my official age as far as their records showed was forty-nine!

A little later Bishop Stephen Neill visited Nanking with his Chaplain. Being my guest, I served as his chauffeur driving him and his Chaplain around to visit places and to call on government officials and church and missionary leaders. To save time we went our way at a fairly good speed through the city's tortuous streets crowded with jinrickshas and pedestrians, dogs and chickens, and loudly honking motorcars. The British Bishop was not used to the style of travel in our Chinese cities and was probably well shaken by the jeep ride. Anyway, in reporting his Nanking visit, Bishop Neill wrote that he was taken around in a whirlwind, fortunately without a mishap.

Mr. Jordan Liu who had helped us at Chungking and who had moved down to Nanking with the Central Government, agreed to serve part-time at the National Office. He took care of all official business with government agencies, such as negotiation for the return of church property taken back from the Japanese, tax regulations, the question of registration of church institutions, all pressing matters in the post-war period.

The publication of our Church's national magazine, the *Chinese Churchman* was suspended for five years during the war. Its restoration was urgently needed for inter-diocesan communication. The help of the Rev. P. C. Lin, the magazine's former editor, was happily secured, and thanks to his deep interest, the first post-war issue of the monthly magazine was published in August 1946. Although only a diminuitive edition of its former

self, with only eight pages, the reappearance of the *Chinese Churchman* was warmly hailed as symbolic of the restored unity of the Church. As the subscription lists of the pre-war years were either out of date or missing, we sent several issues of the magazine to the dioceses for free distribution among the membership and assumed the financial responsibility until it could be on its own feet again.

The National Office also sponsored the Annual Church Almanac and a series of pamphlets on church teachings, edited by the Rev. P. C. Lin. In time we published the Daily Devotions series, based upon the material provided by the Bible Reading Fellowship of the English Church. It was edited by the Rev. Cheu Li and the Rev. W. H. Simpson, a Canadian missionary lent to the National Office by the Diocese of Honan. The National Office was also the Custodian of the Prayer Books and the Hymnals.

The need for a uniform version of the Prayer Book had long been felt by the Chinese Church. The first step toward its compilation was taken by the House of Bishops in March 1946, when it voted to ask Bishop T. K. Shen "to prepare the nucleus of a Prayer Book for all the dioceses, to include Morning and Evening Prayer, the Litany, Holy Communion, with Collects, Baptism, Confirmation and the Catechism," as a post-war emergency measure. Bishop Shen was later asked to compile a Standard Prayer Book. He was an outstanding scholar and eminently qualified for the difficult task. The Standard Prayer Book, although well on the way to completion, was never published, due to the political upheaval of 1948.

In hymnology our Church in China had in 1931 completed plans for the publication of a new hymnal, largely through the efforts of Miss Louise A. Hammond and Mr. Ernest Y. L. Yang. Then arose the proposal for a Union Hymnal for all Protestant Denominations in China, and our Church agreed to pool its resources with the other churches. A Union Hymnal Committee was appointed, consisting of T. T. Lew, Francis P. Jones, Earle H. Ballou, Bliss Wiant, Miss Louise Hammond, Mr. Ernest Yang and a number of others versed in church music, hymnology and Chinese literature. Their labors resulted in the publication of the "Hymns of Universal Praise" in 1940. The volume contains dozens of

Chinese hymns and tunes of original composition, including an ancient Nestorian hymn discovered in a cave in our northwestern province of Kansu.

The General Synod of the Church was to hold its first post-war session August 23-31, 1947. Preparation for it was entrusted to the National Office. We were asked to compile the church statistics, gather reports of the dioceses on the "state of the Church," study the question of an adequate stipend for church workers, and draft a "Clergy Pension Plan."

The diocesan reports on the state of the Church varied considerably in value. Some were of considerable historical interest, while others were mere statistical summaries. The high points in them could be listed as follows:

1. High morale of the church workers through the fiery trials of the war years.

2. Urgent need for reinforcement in the depleted ranks both of the Chinese clergy and of missionary colleagues. One diocese reported that whereas there were 26 missionaries in 1941, only 4 were left in 1946. As to the Chinese clergy one Bishop remarked "Anno Domini is hard at work among them."

3. Self-support among the churches had lost ground, due to impoverishment of the nation caused by the war. Endowment funds were wiped out by inflation.

4. New opportunities were opened up by the war for work among the student class, especially among those in government universities.

5. Missionary hospitals and missionary doctors made a magnificent contribution during the war years.

6. Extensive damage and destruction of the physical plants of churches and institutions belonging to them throughout the land. The heaviest hit was the Diocese of Kwangsi-Hunan.

7. Among the laity spiritual renewal was stimulated by the war experience, and membership increase in the churches was marked everywhere.

8. There was great need for more adequate provision for the livelihood of church workers, and more active recruiting for the Ministry.

9. Courageous planning for the future; one diocese had a 10-year Forward Movement in Evangelism, aiming at doubling church membership from 10,000 to 20,000, and the clergy from 20 to 40.

A special committee was appointed to draft a Clergy Pension Plan, with Bishop K. T. Mao of the Diocese of Shanghai as secretary and myself as chairman. We first took a census of the Chinese clergy. In 1948, there were twelve Chinese Bishops and 275 ordained men in our Church, and of the latter twelve had retired. Their ages ranged from 28 to 80 years, with the majority or 54% in the 40-60 year group. The clerical salaries were extremely low, as compared with the salaries of school teachers in the country, the exception being the salaries of clergy in the Diocese of South China and Hongkong.

A Clergy Pension Plan was drawn up and adopted by the General Synod, to be put into operation in 1952. Although far from ideal, the Plan aimed at providing a measure of security for those who had given the active years of their life in the service of the Church. It also aimed at stimulating the interest and sense of corporate responsibility of the laity, from whom the financial resources for the Plan had ultimately to come. In the light of the general impoverishment of the Church due to the long war, the adoption of the Clergy Pension Plan was a valiant effort, demonstrating the courage and forward look of the church leaders, at a time of great difficulties. But the Plan was still-born, so to speak, for the political situation rapidly deteriorated and by 1952, the year the Plan was to be launched, the Church itself was under great pressure threatening its very existence.

Central funds belonging to the Chinese Church as a whole were entrusted to the custody of the National Office, such as the Prayer

Book Fund ($5,000.00), and the Literature Production Revolving Fund ($5,000.00) both donated by the American Episcopal Church, the Archbishops' China Fund (£100,000) and the Chester Fund (£10,000) given by the British Church, and the Student Work Fund ($1,000.00) given by the Anglican Church of Canada. For these and other financial duties, we were fortunate in securing the voluntary service of a retired businessman and Churchman, Mr. V. M. Sun, as Treasurer of the National Office. For the Chester Fund which was designated by the House of Bishops as the Central Clergy Fund, Dr. Han Li-wu and Professor Maurice Votaw were invited to serve as Joint Secretaries. Dr. Han was then Vice Minister of Education in the National Government, now Chinese Ambassador in the Philippines, and Professor Votaw, now Professor of Journalism at the University of Missouri, was then loaned by St. John's University, Shanghai, to the Government Information Bureau under Dr. Hollington Tong.

In January 1947 Mrs. Tsu returned from America and we set up housekeeping in the apartment over the National Office. Our next door neighbors were Miss Bessie Sims and the Rev. and Mrs. Charles H. Long, Jr. Miss Sims came from Virginia and was in charge of religious education and music at St. Paul's Church in Nanking. With her charming southern accent, the Chinese vernacular tongue sounded melodious and enticing, although it was uncertain whether she was able to get better attention from the Chinese children thereby. The Rev. Charles H. Long and his bride came from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where his father, the Rev. Charles H. Long, Sr., was for many years Secretary of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. We had first met the Rev. Mr. Long, Jr. as a student leader at Yale University. After a year of language study in Peking, he was assigned as missionary associate of the Rev. S. C. Kuo, the Vicar of St. Paul's Church in Nanking. A born linguist, Mr. Long began preaching in Chinese right away and did it in fine style. He was a tall American with rich auburn hair, and Chinese children would stare at "that tall *yang kwei tse*, foreign fellow" expecially when he appeared in winter in his silk padded Chinese long gown. The Long's first child, Christine, was born in Nanking.

Mrs. Tsu brought back some needed household furniture, which was extremely expensive in Nanking, due to the inflation and the influx of new people. Coal was almost unobtainable in the winter

of 1946-1947. Anthracite coal, which had to come from the North, cost the equivalent of U.S. $200.00 a ton. The official cost of living index in November, 1946 was around 4,000 times the 1937 pre-war level. We managed somehow to get through the winter, which in Nanking could be extremely disagreeable due to the high humidity.

Our children were doing well at school in America. David had finished his accelerated course in Electrical Engineering at Yale, and had started working for his M.A. at the Brooklyn Polytechnic on a teaching fellowship in the evenings. Robert was at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, leading an active life as business manager of the college soccer team, and as a member of the Executive Board of the Chinese Students Christian Association of America. Carol was in her senior year at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Massachusetts, preparing to enter Scripps College, Claremont, California. Kin was at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire.

One afternoon a stranger called at our office on Pai Hsia Lu, a young soldier neatly dressed in the uniform of the Chinese Army. He happened to pass by our place and seeing the church sign decided to drop in. He was a southerner and barely spoke the local dialect. He told me what seemed uppermost on his mind, that he was being demobilized and would soon be back home down in Canton. I asked: "Who is at home?" Then brightening up and with a sparkle in his voice, he told me about his widowed mother whom he had not seen for a whole year. Being her only living child and her main support, he regularly sent his army pay home to her. When standing up to leave, he pulled out of his uniform pocket a little New Testament and turning to the title page showed me his own name. I recall that it was something like Wong Fu-an, Blessed Peace Wang, but what caught my eyes was the title beside the name, *Chu Ti Hsiao Yang*, the Lord's Little Lamb, which he had given himself. He made no explanation and I did not ask for any. I understood and was much moved by his act. It was his identification, as a soldier would produce his draft card.

What became of that Chinese soldier, I shall never know, for we never met again. He did call a few days later, and in my absence left a note to say good-bye for he was leaving town the

next day, signing himself, the Lord's Little Lamb. I could almost see him with my mind's eye, walking down the corridor of life, singing in the words of the Psalmist, "The Lord is my shepherd, therefore I shall lack nothing ... I shall be unafraid ..."

22. HISTORIC SHENSI

In the heyday of Tang Dynasty, 618-906 A.D., the Capital of the Chinese Empire was at Chang An, Perennial Peace, on the site of the modern city of Si An, Western Peace, in the northwestern corner of China Proper. It was the Mecca of culture for the ancient eastern world, to which were attracted travellers and envoys from many lands. Japan sent architects to Chang An to study the plan of the city and build her new Capital Kyoto modelled after the Chinese city. In 635 A.D. there came to Chang An a band of Christians, known as Nestorians, twenty-one individuals led by one Alopan. They were received by the Imperial Court and given land and materials for the building of their monastery, the first Christian establishment on Chinese soil. Isolated from their parent group, probably in Persia, and persecuted by the Chinese, the Nestorians disappeared in the course of the centuries.

In 1625 there was excavated in the vicinity of Si An a huge monolith, measuring ten feet high, three feet broad and one foot thick, surmounted by the symbol of a cross, the face of the stone covered with an ancient inscription dating back to the Tang Dynasty. The inscription was engraved on the stone in the year 781 A.D. and bears the title, "Story of the Spread of Ta Chin Luminous Religion in China." From a study of the inscription, which gives a summary of the religious beliefs and practices of the group as well as their experience in China, some Jesuit scholars in the country at that time came to the conclusion that they were Nestorians. The Nestorian Monument is now preserved in the Historical Museum, known as Pei Ling, Forest of Monuments, in Si An.

It was the story of the early Nestorian Mission of the Tang Dynasty that inspired a group of graduates of the Theological School at St. John's University, Shanghai, to found the Shensi Home Mission in 1916. The leader of the missionary band, the Rev. T. K. Shen, was consecrated the first Bishop of Shensi in 1934. His cathedral church in Si An was named Chin Feng Tang,

Church of the Luminous Wind, the term used in the Nestorian Monument for the Holy Spirit.

The Shensi Mission as the united undertaking of the dioceses of the whole Church was managed by the Home Mission Board and had the enthusiastic support of the laity, men and women. For two decades, the President of the Board was Mr. Archie T. Tsen, a remarkable layman who gave of his time and means freely to the development of the Church in our historic northwest. During the Sino-Japanese War the Shensi Mission suffered greatly by proximity to the fighting, the cathedral church in Si An receiving direct hits, and by disruption of communications, so that no reinforcements could be sent there during the war. In addition, Mr. Archie Tsen passed away in 1944. In 1946 Bishop T. K. Shen was chosen Dean of the Church's Central Theological College, and the Shensi Mission felt obliged to give up its Bishop for the benefit of the whole Church in the important work of training men for the Ministry.

After the National Office was established in Nanking in 1946, it was the general consensus of the Church that the rebuilding of the Shensi Mission should have high priority. Dr. W. W. Yen, veteran statesman and prominent Churchman, was invited to be the President of the Home Mission Board and I was asked to be the Executive Secretary, concurrently with my responsibility for the National Office. Mr. David Au, a Shanghai businessman was elected Treasurer. Later Mr. K. S. Yao succeeded Dr. W. W. Yen as the President. The diocesan assessment based on membership was restored.

The Rev. Chang Kong-nien was ordained to the Priesthood on November 17, 1946, at St. Paul's Church, Nanking, and he and his wife were sent to Shensi Mission the following month, as the first new recruits in ten years. Mr. Chang was a graduate of our Central Theological College and had offered to go to Shensi, but his wife's poor health prevented early action. A large congregation witnessed the ordination and Mr. and Mrs. Chang's commissioning as missionaries for Shensi. Among those present were the Hon. H. H. Kung representing the Chinese Government and Sir Ralph Stevenson, the British Ambassador, representing the Church of England. In the brisk climate of the northwest, Mrs. Chang's health improved and within a year of their resi-

dence in Shensi, the couple was blessed with the arrival of their first-born son.

On October 28, 1947, the Rev. Newton Liu was consecrated Bishop of Shensi, at the Church of Nativity, Hankow — the Rt. Rev. Lindel Tsen, Acting Chairman of the House of Bishops, officiating as the Consecrator, assisted by the Rt. Rev. A. A. Gilman, Bishop of Hankow and myself. The Rt. Rev. Lloyd Craighill of Anking also participated. On November 23rd of that year, the new Bishop of Shensi was presented to the people of his Diocese at an Installation Ceremony in the cathedral church of Chin Feng Tang, Si An, Shensi, I officiating in behalf of the Chairman of the House of Bishops and as Executive Secretary of the Home Mission Board. To welcome the new Bishop, the students of our Holy Way High School in Si An gave a concert of sacred music. A mixed choir of fifty voices gave a delightful program culminating with the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's *Messiah*. A faculty member of the High School, Mr. P. M. Yang, who was a graduate of Yenching University, Peking, and who had been a student of Professor Bliss Wiant of the Music Department, had organized a choral society among the students and trained them for the sacred concert. It was a thrilling experience to hear those high school songsters in a backwoods corner of our land rendering selections from the *Messiah* in the Chinese language.

A short distance from Si An was the rural county seat of Hsienyang, where a little mission had been started by the Rev. Chen Te-heng, Virtue Perennial Chen, and his wife. Back two thousand years ago in the second century B.C. Hsienyang was the Capital of the Chin Dynasty, the founder of which was no other than the builder of the Great Wall of China, Emperor Chin Shih Huang Ti. To this day travellers can see huge mounds scattered over the hills and valleys surrounding Hsienyang, the remains of ancient palaces and tombs of the great figures of a past era. Deacon Virtue Perennial Chen, for he was a "perpetual deacon" in the Church, had only high school education, but he was a man of ability and great devotion. His people were mostly illiterate "hillbillies" of the backwoods. To help them to learn church teachings, Deacon Chen devised a simple but ingenious method of mass education. He put the church teachings in free verse, set to the music of the local folksongs. These rural people loved to sing, and as they sang they memorized the teachings. They in

turn became teachers and taught their neighbors in the villages to learn to sing the church songs. Thus a humble but resourceful worker, utilizing the simple means at hand, was able to spread the Good News among the ancient folk of our historic northwest.

Most of Deacon Chen's people lived in the countryside and visited the county seat of Hsienyang occasionally. He decided to bring church services to them where they lived. He rented a cave and made it into a simple place for worship and instruction, where he could gather his people in the evenings. Cave dwellings were no novelty in that part of the northwest. Most people, including the well-to-do, lived in caves dug into the perpendicular cliffs of the loess-formations, and these cave dwellings were fairly comfortable, being cool in the summer and warm in the winter. Mr. Chen's cave chapel was probably the first of its kind in China. The experiment proved so successful and popular that he planned to have a chain of such cave chapels around Hsienyang.

At Hsienyang he built the central church. Local Christians contributed sun-dried adobe bricks and rough hewn beams. The Home Mission Board supplemented their gifts and helped them to complete their church. It was dedicated by the new Bishop on his first visit to Hsienyang, as St. Paul's Mission Chapel. It was a simple structure, with an iron cross surmounting the bell tower over the main gate to mark it as a place of Christian worship. The historic significance of St. Paul's Mission Chapel in ancient Hsienyang was not lost to Deacon Chen and his people, for they were proud of having built it in the very capital of the emperor who built the Great Wall of China two thousand years ago.

The Home Mission Board had hoped to open up church work in Taiwan, the island that had been in the hands of Japan for fifty years and restored to China at the end of the Sino-Japanese War. During the Japanese occupation the Nippon Seikokai had churches in the larger cities on the island, but the churches worked among the Japanese settlers only and so when the settlers and their clergymen withdrew from Taiwan, those churches were closed and the property taken over by the Chinese Government. The church building in Taipei City was turned over to the Presbyterian Church being the only organized Christian body in that city at the time. Nothing further was done about Taiwan by the

Home Mission Board on account of the deteriorating political situation on the mainland.

In 1952, when Mrs. Tsu and I visited Taipei after my retirement, we found a new congregation of Episcopalians worshipping in the old Nippon Seikokai church now turned Presbyterian on Sunday afternoon, under the leadership of a lay evangelist, Mr. Y. K. Yang, whom we knew in Shanghai. We found that they had no prayer books, and so I had an abbreviated edition printed in Hongkong for them as a gift. From that humble beginning the Taiwan Sheng Kung Hui has developed into a fast growing diocese through the loyal support of the lay people and the labors of early pioneers like the Rev. Graham Liu, the Rev. Dr. Theodore Yeh and the Rev. Charles P. Gilson and others. The Rev. Charles P. Gilson became the Suffragan Bishop of the District of Honolulu in charge of the Church's work in Taiwan under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Honolulu, the Rt. Rev. Harry S. Kennedy. Bishop Kennedy himself visited Taiwan regularly in his episcopal tour of the Pacific islands and took great interest in developing the Church's work there. In 1965 the Rt. Rev. James C. L. Wong became the first Chinese Bishop of Taiwan.

23. LAMBETH CONFERENCE, 1948

In the summer of 1948 I was abroad, spending July in England to attend the Lambeth Conference of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, and August in Holland for the Amsterdam Assembly of the World Council of Churches. Mrs. Tsu and I left Shanghai on April 27th aboard SS General Gordon. Our first stop was Tokyo, Japan. I was to make an official call on the Presiding Bishop of the Nippon Seikokai, the Holy Catholic Church in Japan, in behalf of the Bishops of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, the Holy Catholic Church in China. It was the first exchange of official visits between the two Sister Churches, since the end of the Sino-Japanese War. We landed in Yokohama.

Japan was then under Allied occupation. Mrs. Wu Wen-tsao, a noted writer of children's books under the pen-name of Miss Ping-hsin Hsieh, took us in her car to Tokyo. Her husband, Professor Wu Wen-tsao of Yenching University, Peking, China, was serving as the head of the Political Department of the Chinese Military Mission in Tokyo. The ride from Yokohama to Tokyo revealed to us the destructiveness of the war. Formerly the route was lined with rows of industrial plants, large and small, but we saw nothing except smokeless chimneys, here and there, standing gauntly in the midst of rubble.

Tokyo also showed great destruction. We were told that sixty percent of the city had been destroyed. Of the twenty-six churches of the Metropolitan Diocese of Tokyo, seventeen were destroyed, whereas only seventy-four of the 267 Anglican churches in all of Japan were destroyed. The public parks looked beautiful as ever, but the big department stores that made the Ginza famous were gone. The multicolored kimonos were displaced by matter-of-fact slacks or skirts, which showed off the Japanese women disadvantageously. The youngsters on the streets looked healthy and robust, and we were told that the occupation authorities had done a great deal in importing food stuff from abroad to relieve shortages. We

were also told that the relation between the Japanese people and the occupation personnel had been excellent.

The Most Rev. Michael Hinsuke Yashiro, the Presiding Bishop of the Nippon Seikokai and Bishop of Kobe came up to Tokyo for our meeting which took place at the Teusler Memorial House of St. Luke's Hospital. With him were Bishop T. M. Makita of the Diocese of Tokyo, Bishop L. S. Mayekawa of South Tokyo, the Chairman of the National Council of the Japanese Church, the Rev. Keitaro Nishimura, and Mrs. Sugai, President of the National Woman's Auxiliary and widow of the late Presiding Bishop. Also present were Col. Paul Rusch, Father Viall, Chaplain Edward M. Mize, whose father was Bishop of Salinas, Kansas, and a number of lay people, Japanese and Western, men and women. After a buffet luncheon, Col. Paul Rusch as Master of Ceremonies, called on the Presiding Bishop Yashiro to address us.

The Presiding Bishop voiced warm welcome to us, the Chinese visitors, on behalf of the Japanese Church. He recalled that their two last General Synods held after the war had sent fraternal greetings to the Church in China. He touched upon the nation-wide evangelistic movement and the task of reconstruction in which the Japanese Church was presently engaged, and closed his address expressing appreciation of the spirit of cordiality and fellowship embodied in our visit. In response I thanked the Presiding Bishop for his welcome and voiced the longing of the church people of China for closer fellowship with the church people of Japan for our common witness to our Christian Faith before the nations of the Far East. A letter from the Chairman of the Chinese House of Bishops was presented, together with a poem especially written for the occasion by the Rev. P. C. Lin, Editor of our *Chinese Churchman*, entitled "Two Sister Churches of East Asia." Mrs. Tsu, Father Viall and Chaplain Mize were called on for a few words, and the meeting closed with a group picture.

We learned that the Japanese Church had 200 ordained clergy, 20 evangelists and 20 women evangelists, and some 40,000 church members, as compared with the prewar record of 250 clergy and 70,000 members. The Church was rebuilding the Central Theo-

logical Seminary in Tokyo which had been totally demolished in the war. A new site with seventeen acres of well landscaped grounds and buildings on the outskirts of Tokyo was about to be acquired for the seminary. This indicated a vigorous spirit on the part of the Church in Japan in its postwar work.

The Lambeth Conference opened on July 1st with a mammoth service at the Canterbury Cathedral. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Geoffrey Fisher, seated in St. Augustine's Chair, welcomed the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, 329 of them from all parts of the world. The American delegation of 85 Bishops was the largest of the foreign groups, but the British bishops easily outnumbered all the other national groups. The Chinese Church was represented by eleven Bishops, of whom four were of Chinese nationality, including our Presiding Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Lindel Tsen of Honan. At the previous Lambeth Conference in 1930, only one Chinese Bishop was present, Bishop Lindel Tsen, then Assistant Bishop of Honan.

On July 4th another great service was held at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, when the Presiding Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, the Rt. Rev. Henry K. Sherrill was the preacher. Then on August 8th the closing service of the Conference was held at Westminster Abbey with the Archbishop of York as preacher. At each of these services the Archbishops, Primates and Bishops and other participating prelates made an impressive procession, as they marched into the cathedrals in their colorful robes and hoods.

During the first week the Bishops met in full sessions in the Library of Lambeth Palace, in London. The Library had been damaged in the war and had been newly repaired. Three hundred twenty-nine pigeon-holes were provided for the use of the Bishops, each with his own number, and the Bishops' seats were similarly numbered. The Presiding Chairman and other officers had their seats on a raised platform. As a first-timer from faraway China, it was a unique experience to me to be seated among all these Bishops of many races, colors and climes. As a body we never lost sight of our own dignity, except once during an unusually warm week in the crowded library, with the sun beating down on us through the tall windows, when we asked

for and obtained permission to take off our coats and deliberate in shirt sleeves. Over us all, with his winsome smile and gracious tact and withal a schoolmaster's sense of discipline and punctuality, presided His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the full sessions the chairmen of committees and others were invited to address the Conference. Bishop Yashiro and I were asked to speak to represent the Churches of East Asia. This was on July 8th and I chose as my topic, "The Significance of the Younger Churches in the Life of the Church Universal."

I started off with the story of the new Hymnal, *Hymns of Universal Praise*, the creation of which was an event of great importance in the history of Christianity in China. Of a total of over five hundred hymns in the book, two dozen came from Chinese sources, ancient and modern, original compositions in words or music or both. This points to the pattern of development of the Christian Church in China: on the one hand grateful and glad acceptance of the rich heritage that has come to us from the Older Churches, and on the other, making its own contribution for the enrichment of the Church Universal.

This led me to speak of what sociologists call the cross-fertilization of cultures, as illustrated in the history of Christianity in China. One example was the concept of "The Cross." In Christian thought the word *Cross* stood not only for a physical symbol but a cluster of ideas and sentiments, ethical ideals and a way of life. The concept was totally new in Chinese thinking and language. Missionary translators had to create a new term *shih tze chia*, frame like the numeral ten, for it. Clumsy as the term was, nevertheless, it had passed into Chinese literature conveying to the reader the profound ideas and sentiments associated with the original word, an example of Christianity enriching Chinese life and thought. As an example in reverse, I referred to the adoption of the Chinese philosophical concept of *tao* to equate the word *logos* in the opening verses of St. John's Gospel, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God ..." When the missionary translators came to this passage, they searched the Chinese language and literature for a word that was deep and profound, rich and mystical, suggesting the indwelling of

divinity and the mystery of the universe, and at the same time, a word that was warm and close to everyday life, adequate to equate with the word *logos*. They found what they were looking for in the opening line of the Taoist Scripture, *Tao Te Ching*, "The *tao* that can be spoken is not the eternal *tao*, the name that can be designated is not the eternal name ..." This Chinese word *tao* was profound and deep. It could mean the way, as in "I am the way," reason, law of nature, providence, the essence of the universe, ground of being, and at the same time it was in the common currency of daily life, with a familiar association with common things. So the first verse of St. John's Gospel, in Chinese, read "In the beginning was the *tao*, and the *tao* was with God, and the *tao* was God ...," an illustration of Chinese thought and language enriching Christian theology.

Concluding, I pointed to the essence of Christian Faith as a sense of expectancy. It was this expectancy whereby the Apostles were prepared for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost. "The spirit of truth...would declare to you things to come." Concerning the younger churches, nascent, growing, blossoming, we should make sure on the one hand, that they were built in Paul's words, on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, and we should on the other hand, keep alert the spirit of expectancy and be prepared for a new day of Pentecost, for *new things to come*, if God should provide such a blessing...

In the succeeding weeks the Conference was divided into committees, with about forty Bishops in each. to consider the various topics, such as Marriage and Divorce, Relationships within the Anglican Communion, the Christian Doctrine of man. The committees reported their findings to the Conference in full session in the final week. Thanks to the good chairmanship of the Archbishop, the Conference finished all scheduled business by Friday noon, closing with a luncheon to which all the wives of the Bishops, attending, were invited.

In our spare time between sessions, the Bishops had their own ways of recreation. Some walked the Thames embankment; others explored the narrow lanes in the neighborhood of Lambeth Palace; still others visited antique and junk shops. The Bishop of Wash-

ington and Mrs. Dun were unique in that they rode American bicycles on the crowded London streets for their daily exercise.

The Bishops received numerous invitations to social functions, from the Lord Mayor of London, Prime Minister Atlee, the Houses of Parliament, the Missionary Societies, and many private parties. The Garden Party at Buckingham Palace was the crowning event. The Bishops, in their purple cassocks, were first assembled in a great reception hall in the Palace, the dominant color of which was red — red wall-to-wall carpeting, red upholstery and red wallpaper. We were lined up in rows, twenty abreast, all three hundred Bishops. As we filed past, the Archbishop introduced us one by one, and their Majesties the King and the Queen shook hands with us with a word or a smile in greeting. Then we went out to join the thousands already gathered in the palace garden. The British people loved formalism; the male guests were all in their frock coats and top hats. Mingling freely in the crowd, tall and majestic, was the then Queen Mother, holding an antiquated umbrella over herself, very aristocratic and very democratic.

We had many invitations to speak in the churches and at other functions. I remember being asked to open a missionary bazaar, known as "Elsie's Kitchen Sale," in a London suburb, in a private mansion. Elsie was a maid in the Churchwoman's home, and for years she had gotten up the annual sale, with the help of her friends, to finance a free bed in the Hui Tien Hospital in Kunming, Yunnan, West China. It had started out as a modest affair held in the kitchen where Elsie worked, and as the years went by, the sale became quite an annual institution, drawing customers far and wide from neighboring communities, and the displays overflowed into a number of rooms in the big house. One room was turned into an "Oriental Teahouse." Elsie was a simple person with little education; born and raised in the village, only a few miles from London, she had been only once to the metropolis. Her devotion for the missionary work of the Church had not only brought joy and relief to the patients who were thus enabled to benefit from the free bed in the hospital, but had brought joy and satisfaction to her own soul and a widened horizon to her life, her benefaction literally reaching "unto the ends of the world."

I was grateful to the many friends of China and the Chinese Church for their hospitality and helpfulness extended to us during the Lambeth Conference — friends like Miss Margaret C. Knight, retired Principal of St. Stephen's Girls College in Hongkong, whose centuries-old home at Little Laverell, Speldhurst, Kent, is always open to oriental visitors; Mr. A. R. Cormack, Hon. Treasurer of Hongkong Diocesan Association all these many years; and Mrs. Sydney Jones, a life-long supporter of the Church Missionary Society in its work in the Diocese of Fukien, at whose London house I had the privilege of being a guest.

On a visit to the city of Bristol, I had a memorable encounter under unexpected circumstances. I was there to address an evening gathering at the University, under what auspices I can not now recall. At the close of the meeting a retired army surgeon, Colonel West, and his wife invited me to be their guest at their cottage for the night. We were total strangers and the invitation had come "out of the clear sky." After supper, the Colonel spoke of their son in foreign service during the Pacific War. He was stationed at the Airfield Mingaledon in Burma, and in one of his letters home wrote about the visit of a Chinese Bishop who was the preacher at their Dress Parade Sunday. He even recalled the main points of the sermon. After a pause, the Colonel continued, "Our boy never returned home; when the Japanese armies overran Burma our son was listed among the missing. When we learned that a Chinese Bishop was to visit our city, we looked up his letter and we found to our surprise and joy that you were the Chinese Bishop whom our son had seen and heard preach at Mingaledon. We have asked you to be our guest, for this was his old home, and you are the living link between him and us."

24. AMSTERDAM ASSEMBLY 1948

After Lambeth I flew to Holland to attend an international student conference sponsored by the World Student Christian Federation and held at Woudschoten, Zeist, August 5-16. The Rev. K. H. Ting, Chairman of the conference, had invited me to address a session on "The Chinese Church in Action." The general conference theme was "The Growing Church." About 150 persons were in attendance representing some thirty nationalities. Woudschoten, Zeist, was the conference centre of the Dutch Student Movement. Mr. K. H. Ting, a former student of mine at St. John's University, Shanghai, China, was a staff member of the Federation and a popular and capable student worker.

En route to Woudschoten, I met at Utrecht by chance a fellow-countryman from China, a native of Ningpo not far from Shanghai. We fell to talking in our mother tongue much to each other's delight. This man had been a sailor on a Dutch freighter and had settled in Holland. He had with him a small suitcase, full of a variety of candies, which he opened up atop a folding stand and was ready for business at the street corner where we met, his regular rendezvous with his clientele. While we were talking, a big black limousine pulled up and out came two little girls followed by their nurse. They bought some packages from the Chinese candyman. Before they left, the candyman stuck a couple of extra pieces of candy into the little hands, in the best style of candymen in China, to win the goodwill of his little customers. For explanation of his special solicitation, he produced for me to see a letter written on palace stationery with the royal *coat of arms*, commending him for his kindness to the writer's children, and it was signed by the then Princess Juliana. No doubt the royal letter had been shown to admirers often by the humble Chinese tradesman, but it was an eloquent testimony of Dutch democracy.

Following the student conference, I participated in a pre-Assembly study group at Woudschoten that was entrusted with the preparation of preliminary statements on the four main topics of

the Amsterdam Assembly. In attendance were some of the outstanding scholars of the Western world, including Reinhold Niebuhr, Emil Brunner, Karl Barth and some theologians from the other side of Iron Curtain. It was a thrilling experience to be thrown into the lion's den of these intellectual giants.

The Amsterdam Assembly met August 21 - September 5. The city was in festive mood, decorated with colorful lights and banners in preparation of the Jubilee Celebration in honor of Queen Wilhelmina's long reign, 1898-1948, and for the Coronation of the new Queen Juliana on September 6th. The Assembly opened with an impressive worship service in the Nieuwe Kerk, with fifteen hundred delegates and visitors in attendance. The delegates formed a long and colorful procession, as they filed into the new church in their varied sartorial and tonsorial individualities, Indian pastors wrapped in flowing white muslin scarves, Eastern Orthodox prelates with full beards and black robes, Presbyterian preachers in pulpit gowns, Dutch Reformed ministers with Rembrandtesque ruffled collars, Ma Toma dignitaries in brilliantly embroidered cassocks and sandals, Coptics of Africa in sombre black, Anglican Bishops in purple. I was in my episcopal vestments and paired with an American lady delegate with a feather-tipped headgear. All these were a physical manifestation of ecumenicity, the resplendence of multiplicity in unity.

The plenary sessions were held in the vast Concertgebouw, seating 4,000. English, French and German were the official languages with simultaneous translations through earphones with which all delegates were equipped. The Assembly hymn-book was also poly-lingual. The Assembly was divided into four main sections for the study of the four topics. I was assigned to the section on "The Church and Social Disorder," as one of the vice-chairmen. Dr. Emil Brunner opened the discussion by pointing out that we were living in a technological society with its attendant evils peculiar to the modern age. I tried to present the thinking of orientals such as the people of India and China, by saying that at our stage of development we worshipped science and technology as powerful tools for attaining desirable social goals, on the one hand, to overcome age-old poverty, and on the other, to build up economic strength for the preservation of

national independence against so-called Western imperialism. To illustrate, I quoted our modern philosopher, Dr. Hu Shih's famous slogan, "With my brain and two hands, I can do all things." Dr. Henry van Dusen who was in charge of publicity for the Assembly, had me repeat what I said in the sectional discussion when the newspaper folk were briefed at the noon hour.

I was put on the business committee of the Assembly and we met at lunch-time daily, to go over the business of the day and of the morrow. From this vantage point, I had a preview of all the happenings. Among the committee members were Dr. John R. Mott, Archbishop Fisher, Bishop G. K. A. Bell of Chichester, Bishop Bromley Oxnam, Pastor Marc Boegner of France and several others. These business-lunch sessions were always lively. I recall Dr. Mott, referring to his advanced years, telling a story about a farmer neighbor at their summer place up in Vermont, who used to supply them with fresh vegetables. One season the farmer-neighbor failed to appear, and so they called at his little cottage and found the old man in his rocker idling on the porch. When asked how was he, the farmer replied: "I am alright; they say I have lost my mind, but I don't miss it." Some of us were accustomed to having such business lunches "on the house," but at the first sitting, Dr. W. A. Visser't Hooft set the example and paid for his own lunch, and so we followed suit and paid for ours. Thus I learned the origin of the expression, "Dutch treat."

The Assembly made history when on August 23rd it voted for the creation of the World Council of Churches, with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. A Presidium of six presidents was elected, representing the major sections of the Church Universal throughout the world. To represent the Younger Churches, Dr.T.C.Chao, Dean of the Yenching Theological Seminary, Peking, China, was chosen. The evening preceding the election, the nominating committee wanted to get my reaction of the choice. At a late hour, Bishop Henry K. Sherrill, Dr. Visser't Hooft and a Lutheran Bishop, found me in an upstairs bedroom in a little family hotel. Bishop Sherrill came up while the others waited downstairs. I assured Bishop Sherrill that the choice would be welcomed by the Chinese Christians, for Dr. Chao was an outstanding scholar and writer among us, although he was not active in church circles.

Bishop Henry K. Sherrill in his autobiography, *Among Friends*, referring to this little incident in Amsterdam, wrote that it was like an episode in a detective story, a German and an American Yankee led by a Dutchman, chasing after an elusive Chinaman all over town in the middle of the night.

Between Assemblies which take place every six years, the affairs of the World Council of Churches are taken care of by the Central Committee of about a hundred members, meeting semi-annually. The Central Committee in turn appoints an Executive Committee of about a dozen members to carry out the decisions of the Assembly and the Central Committee, through the General Secretary and his staff at headquarters. I was placed on both the Central and the Executive Committees.

Following Amsterdam, I returned to America and the months of October and November were spent in missionary deputation work at the request of the National Council of the American Episcopal Church. My teammate was the Rev. Edgar Neff, Rector of Christ Church, Little Rock, Arkansas. We covered several southern dioces and visited many churches. Father Neff and I had heard each other so often that we could practically repeat each other's speeches. Father Neff proposed that for variety's sake, once in a while we might swap our pieces, he giving mine and I his. This, however, was not done for the simple reason that I lacked the avoirdupois to pack momentum behind his winged words. He admitted that he weighed in the neighborhood of 240 pounds, in comparison with which I was a mere handful. He knew the southern territory well. When we had a half day to spare at New Orleans, Louisiana, he initiated me like a professional guide into the hidden nooks and byways of that French-American town that are seldom visited by tourists.

Southern hospitality had a distinctive charm and flavor of its own, gracious and generous, especially in the so-called Bible-belt, and I felt greatly privileged to have met so many church friends in the cities like Atlanta, Charlotte, Richmond, Birmingham, Nashville, Memphis, Vicksburg, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston and Jackson. Owing to the turn of events in my homeland, my sojourn in America was cut short and I returned to China, leaving Mrs. Tsu in the States.

At the time, we did not realize that this was the last time the Bishops of the Chinese Church or any other Chinese churchman could travel abroad and participate in ecumenical assemblies freely and without government supervision.

25. CHINESE CHURCH IN TRANSITION

Back in Nanking late in November, 1948, after an absence of six months, I found the city in a nervous condition. There had been widespread fighting in the north between the Government forces and the communist armies and it had not gone well for the Government. People were moving out of Nanking in large numbers, including the families of government employees, leaving their menfolk behind. In a letter written a fortnight after my return, I described the scene at the Hsia-Kwan Railway Station thus:

> "The Railway Station presents a scene of utter confusion; people try to get on the trains with or without tickets; they are perched on the roofs of the coaches, on the locomotives, and inside standing room only. You are lucky to get a foothold on the train, if not through the doors, then through the windows.
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> "Yesterday after the Morning Holy Communion at the Bawn Training Institute (for women church workers just closed), I took a student and her sister to the Railway Station in my jeep, and helped them get into the train, literally through a window.
>
> "In the afternoon at 4 o'clock, attended the wedding of Major G. G. Bartlett of the American Advisory Group at St. Paul's Church. Major Bartlett is an Episcopalian, and the American Advisory Group is a part of the Marshall Mission sent by President Truman to China, to help in ending the civil war by having the National Government take in the communists and form a coalition government. Many American officers were in church. These Americans certainly look well-fed, well-dressed and handsome. What a contrast they present to the harassed Chinese people, among whom they are the privileged guests. It is like a cup of

bright sherry on an ocean of tears..."

The Church wanted the National Office moved from Nanking to Shanghai, partly because of better facilities at the seaport, and partly because of the new developments in the north, but we did not think it advisable to move at that time. Christmas was celebrated quietly in Nanking. It snowed but there was no high wind and so the snow flakes came down ever so gently and rested lightly on the trees, rooftops and on the lawns, giving a picturesque touch to the season. At the invitation of the Rev. S. C. Kuo, vicar of St. Paul's, I gave the Christmas sermon and celebrated the Lord's Supper. Only sixty persons were in church, whereas according to Mr. Kuo three hundred attended the previous Christmas. In the afternoon a Union Choral Service was addressed by Ambassador J. Leighton Stuart. A union choir drawn from several of the city churches rendered selections from Handel's *Messiah*. It did all of us good to have this opportunity for Christian fellowship at a time of great anxiety.

I had asked Mr. K. L. Chen, Manager of the China Travel Service, to ship a couple of trunks to Shanghai, but his reply was, "Too late; it cannot be done." I had also seen piles of baggage stacked high on the railway platform, unmoved and unattended. Once more came the sad task of breaking up our home. I gave away things where they would do the most good. Refugees were flocking into Nanking from the north. A church woman was introduced to us whose husband had been killed in the fighting in Shantung and who arrived in Nanking with nothing except her two young children. To her and her children I gave clothing, kitchenware, soap and bedding. My bicycle, some blankets and household articles were left with our faithful gateman, Lao Li.

Fortunately I still had my old jeep. Mr. Ting, a mechanic friend, serviced it for me, charging only the equivalent of U.S.$1.50 for the repairs and service, but gasolene cost U.S. $.98 a gallon and a renovated battery U.S. $19.00. One Saturday morning, April 23, 1949, I set out in it for Shanghai, loaded with all that it could be coaxed to take: office files, typewriter, bedding, even a pair of reed chairs. Late that evening I reached Shanghai without a mishap except several broken springs, for the road was bumpy and the jeep overloaded. In the outskirts of town, a lone soldier stopped

me with his leveled rifle demanding a ride, but when he saw the crowded interior and the broken springs did not insist, but let me proceed.

The morning I left Nanking, all policemen and jinrickshas had disappeared from the streets, and people with bundles on their backs were pouring out of the Hsia-Kwan Gate *en masse*. The National Government had already been moved to Canton in South China. The next day the vanguards of the communist armies that had crossed the Yangtse River entered Nanking. Before the end of May the communist armies had penetrated the outer defences of Shanghai.

The final battle over Shanghai was fought along the Soochow Creek which bisected the city. The battle lasted two days and nights. Our office was located at 152 Minghong Road in Hongkew on the east side of the waterway, while my apartment was in Jessfield on the west side, and so during the fighting I was marooned at my office. Being close to the waterfront, some of us managed in the evening darkness to crawl along by-lanes and watch the shooting. At dawn the morning of May 24, 1949, all was quiet along the waterfront, and early risers could see long lines of communist soldiers in yellow summer uniforms and straw sandals marching into our Minghong Road. They kept to their ranks and did not interfere with the life of the inhabitants, which created a favorable first impression.

Public posters appeared all over the city urging the people to carry on as usual and promising protection to all public institutions, such as Buddhist temples and Christian churches and schools. Banks and business houses were told to keep open, and steps were taken to control the wild inflation. Those early days of the take-over seemed to dispel ugly rumors concerning the communists. There was general easing of tension.

Soon afterwards we received numerous forms to fill out, such as inventories of church properties and personnel. The police made frequent visits to check things, such as the coming and going of out-of-town visitors. We were asked our opinions about public affairs and current questions, such as the Korean War. In the summer of 1950 the so-called land reform was enforced in the Shanghai

area. The regulations permitted each family half an acre or 3 Chinese *mou* of farmland, on condition that it was cultivated by the family and not rented out for income, for in renting out the land the owner was likely to be classified as "landlord," whereby the land would be forfeited. News of undue hardships in the application of the new regulations began to circulate among the people, and complaints began to be voiced around, such as the remark, "We used to have numerous little chiselers; but now we have one big chiseler," meaning the new regime. The honeymoon period was soon to be over, to be followed by severe measures of persecution and confiscation of property.

When the communists first took over North China in the winter of 1948, church people were favorably disposed toward the new regime. In fact, there was an initial period of jubilation such as was voiced in an article published in the *Christian Century,* March 1949, written by a Christian leader in Peking, entitled *Days of Rejoicing,* in which were these passages:

> "We have reason to rejoice in the success of the revolutionary forces, though we are by no means communists . . . The collapse of the Kuomintang armies means the cessation of war, which is much desired by all, while it causes the Communists to reconsider their policies and to become moderate . . .
>
> "Communism in China is not as formidable as it looks in other lands . . . Religion will be indeed hated and despised but also tolerated . . . . When the time comes for the conflict of faiths - that time is still somewhat distant - freedom of faith will have been already written into the constitution. Promises have been made which can hardly be withdrawn. Meanwhile Marxism and Chinese philosophy which is no more than stoicism minus its rigor and plus a sense of humor, may become tolerably well suited bedfellows."

Freedom of Faith was written into the Constitution promulgated on October 1, 1949, but as officially explained, it was freedom of worship in the liturgical sense, each religionist accord-

ing to his cult, be he Buddhist, Moslem or Christian. Christians had optimistically hoped that Freedom of Faith necessarily involved *freedom of conscience,* which however had no place in a totalitarian ideology. This they were not to discover until later.

In the early days of the new regime, there was a division of views among Christians concerning the relation of Christian churches with the political policies of the regime. Some maintained that the *Freedom of Faith* in the Constitution should mean respect for the relgious convictions and ethical standards that the Christian churches stood for, while others took the view that the churches and Christians were parts of the Chinese nation and should therefore support the policies of the regime, as a matter of the national spirit. The latter view was voiced by an active and vocal group led by Mr. Y.T. Wu. For this purpose the latter sponsored a document in the summer of 1950 known as the "Christian Manifesto" and began a nationwide campaign to enlist the support of the Christian churches and their leaders. In the letter to the churches introducing the "Manifesto," the sponsoring group declared that the document had been drawn up in consultation with and with the approval of Premier Chou En-lai. The enlistment of support took the form of securing individual signatures which were publicized in the government newspapers.

The issuance of the "Manifesto" marked an important turning point in the history of the Christian Movement in China, with these features or results: (1) accusation of western missionaries in China as "agents of western imperialism under the cloak of religion." (2) severance of ecumenical relations with Christian churches abroad, (3) withdrawal and expulsion of missionaries from China, and (4) the passing of the Chinese churches under government control.

There was at the time widespread dissatisfaction among church members that a small group of men and women numbering less than a dozen, most of whom were not closely associated with the churches, should presume to speak for them, in the manner they did in issuing the so-called "Christian Manifesto." In this confused situation, the Bishops of Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui, the Episcopal Church in China, sent to its members for their guidance a *Pastoral Letter,* which contained a strong affirmation of the Christian Faith and the spirit of catholicity of the Church, at the same time encouraging the members in their duty of serving the nation.

The sponsoring group in a few years gained control of the churches and the theological institutions for the training of ministers through the formation on the basis of the "Manifesto," of the *Three Autonomy Patriotic Association of the Churches*, with Mr. Y. T. Wu as the President of the Association. By 1958, at the end of the first decade of the new regime, all but less than ten percent of the churches in China had been closed. For example, there were in Peking in 1948 sixty churches of Protestant denominations, but by 1958 only four of them remained open, and in Shanghai the corresponding figures were over 200 churches in 1948, and about twenty left in 1958.

26. FAREWELL TO MY NATIVE LAND

In July 1950 the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches held its semi-annual session in Toronto, Canada. Being a member of the Committee, I obtained a leave of absence to attend the meeting. At that time there was a great deal of uncertainty about the attitude of the new regime toward the Church and our association with the Churches abroad, and so not to embarrass the Church, the trip was financed by myself, although officially I was a representative of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui in the World Council of Churches.

From Hongkong I got a passage on a freighter, *SS Trade Wind*, bound for America, which gave me time for leisurely reading. In the mood of the time, I brought along Toynbee's "Civilization on Trial," Emil Brunner's "Christianity and Civilization," and others of a similar nature. I wrote that "in these confused days, we need to do some hard thinking on the whole subject of civilization and Christianity's part in it." In reply to a friend's letter, in which she complained of not being able to "feel" the divine presence, I suggested that she read Baron von Hugel's letter to his niece concerning periods of "dryness" in spiritual life, in the volume, "Selected Letters." In that letter the author explained the way a skilled mountaineer kept up his pace of regular short steps in climbing a mountain. They looked petty on the level but that was the way, on and on, he ascended the heights. When a mist came over his path, he halted under some cover, took out his pipe and quietly waited for the mist to lift, and then pressed on, step by step. In other words, I wrote suggesting patience, remembering our Lord's own words, "Do not be anxious for your Heavenly Father knoweth what you need." In reality I was, in my subconscious, advising myself to keep up courage, at a time when we were confronted by a situation far from reassuring for the future of Christianity in China.

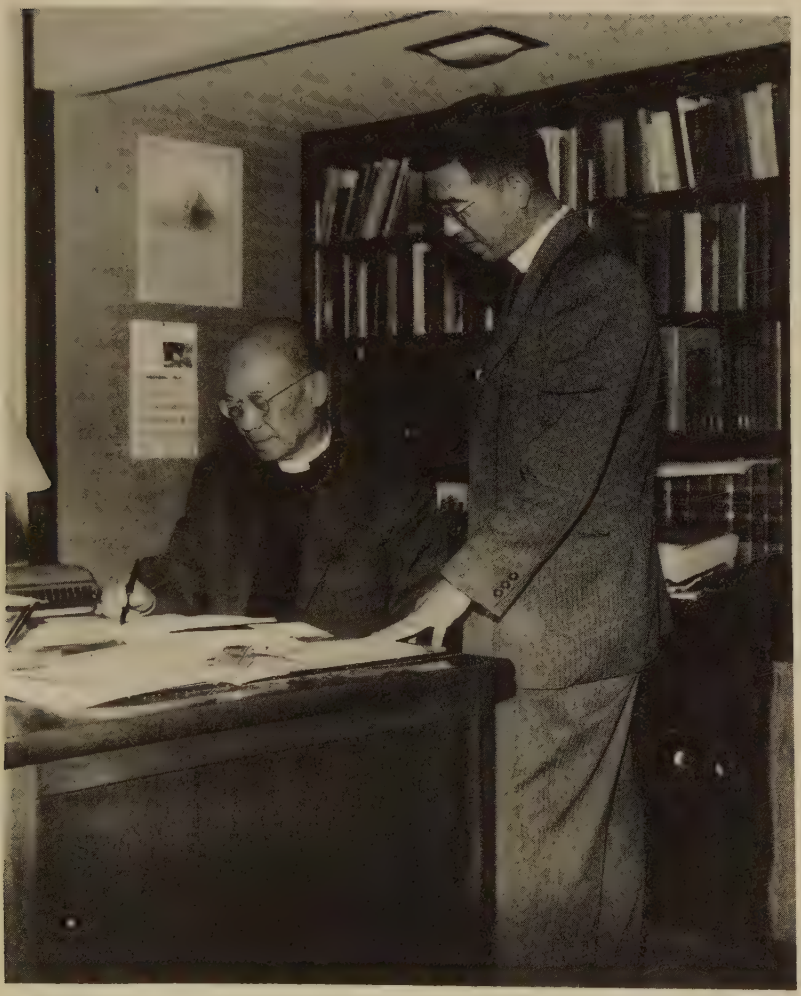
Landing at Seattle, Washington, on June 14th, I hastened east in time to join Mrs. Tsu to attend the graduation of our son Kin

Tsu from St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, on June 16th and of Robert Tsu from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, on June 18th. That fall Kin entered Princeton to major in chemical engineering and Robert later went to the Virginia Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Virginia.

The month of August was spent in the rectory of Christ Church, Christiana Hundred, outside Wilmington, Delaware. The Rev. Dr. William C. Munds, the Rector, had asked me to take care of his parish while he was away on his vacation. It was a delightful interlude, a family reunion with all our children present. For Sunday talks, I gave a series on "Understanding Christianity from the standpoint of the Oriental Religions," a comparative study of the teachings of Christianity with those of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism and Mohism. Christ Church is a parish with worldwide missionary outreach and Mrs. Tsu and I found to our joy many among the parishioners who were keenly interested in the work of the Church among the Chinese people.

The summer of 1950 was marked by the invasion of South Korea on June 25th by the armed forces of North Korea across the armistice line, backed by the so-called Chinese volunteers, thus precipitating the "Korean War." The Central Committee at the Toronto meeting passed a resolution condemning the armed aggression. At the time I did not realize that my participation would affect me adversely back in my homeland, but it was recorded against me that I had not voted against that resolution. This came out in the spring of next year.

In April of 1951 there was held in Peking a conference of Christian leaders, called by the new regime, to consider the severance of relations with America on the part of Christian institutions in China that had hitherto received financial aid from abroad. A total of 150 delegates attended. Without previous notice, the conference was turned into a denunciation meeting and for two days seven church leaders and missionaries - three Westerners and four Chinese - were held up and denounced, in the case of the missionaries, as "imperialist agents under the cloak of religion" and in the case of the Chinese, as "renegades and enemies of the people." I was given the unsavory distinction of being included in this first blacklist. The charge against me as reported in the communist



Bishop Tsu & The Rev. Robert Tsu

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government newspaper, *Ta Kung Pao* in Hongkong was, "In July 1950, he (Tsu) attended the meeting of the World Council of Churches in Canada, which is the tool of American imperialism. This meeting passed a resolution supporting American aggression in Korea . . . From this it could be seen that he (Tsu) was a heartless renegade of our people, a wholehearted follower of American imperialism."

We were afterwards told that the whole performance at the Peking conference was engineered by the officers in charge and put over the delegates without their having anything to say about it. The denunciations were carefully arranged to give the semblance of authenticity. The denunciation of Bishop W. Y. Chen of the Methodist Church in South China was made by Bishop Z. T. Kiang of the Methodist Church in North China. The Methodist Church in China had only two Bishops. In my case, the denunciation was read by Bishop Robin Chen, Chairman of our House of Bishops. The whole affair was presided over by Mr. Y. T. Wu, President of the Three Autonomy Patriotic Association.

Of the three Western missionaries denounced at the conference, Dr. Timothy Richards, founder of the Christian Literature Society of China, had been dead for over half a century. Dr. Frank Price and Mr. Edward Lockwood had already left the country. Of the four Chinese denounced, Dr. S. C. Leung, the General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., and myself were abroad, and Mr. Ku Jen-en, an independent evangelist, was in prison for being outspoken against Russia, then China's "best friend." The only one directly affected by the denunciation was Bishop W. Y. Chen, who was charged as having collaborated with the "arch traitor Chiang Kai-shek" in the days of the Sino-Japanese War, and at the demand of the conference of Christian leaders, was put in prison.

It seemed obvious that the main purpose of the denunciation performance in Peking was to serve as a means of intimidation of the Christian leaders in China, and as a model for similar performances on a local level, with a view to bringing the Christian leaders in line with the policy outlined in the "Christian Manifesto." Following Peking there came an epidemic of local denunciation meetings at the larger centers throughout the land. This tactic of mass denunciation of church leaders caused dissension, mutual suspicion and internal strife in the ranks of church

members, and untold anguish and searching of hearts among the church leaders, seriously breaking down the spirit of unity and weakening the morale of the Christians in a time of crisis.

At the end of August, 1950, I left for California with our daughter Carol, she to enter Scripps College at Claremont, and I to emplane for Hongkong en route to China. Mrs. Tsu remained in America to be near our children. When I reached Hongkong several friends advised against my going back to the mainland, but I felt duty-bound to return to my post at our Church's National Office, especially in view of the tense political situation. Bishop R. O. Hall wrote Mrs. Tsu, September 6th:

> "Y.Y. went off this morning via Canton to Shanghai. During the morning came a letter from Lin Pu Chi saying he did not anticipate Y.Y. would meet any difficulty. But it was most brave of him to go back, and it will strengthen the morale of the whole Church. God bless you; much will be on his shoulders for the next few months..."

Before leaving Hongkong I had called on Bishop Quentin Huang at the behest of the House of Bishops to convey to him the hope of his brother Bishops that he would return to his Diocese. As previously mentioned, Dr. Huang succeeded me in the Yun-Kwei Episcopacy. He was consecrated in America in 1946 and assumed his new post in 1947. Early in 1950 he had gone to Hongkong and sent his resignation to the House of Bishops, suggesting that Yun-Kwei be put under the care of the Home Mission Board, of which I was then the Executive Secretary. During his short tenure, Bishop Huang had done a great deal in building up the new diocese, and so the House of Bishops had urged his return as his people and especially his clergy needed his presence and pastoral care. But I failed to get him to reconsider his decision, to the great loss of his diocese and the whole Church.

Mrs. Caleb Layton of Wilmington, Delaware, remembered that as a little girl, many years ago, she had gone out to Shanghai, China, to visit an uncle, Robert W. Mustard, an American merchant, who had died in Shanghai. She asked me to look up Mr. Mustard's grave on my return to Shanghai. There used to be two cemeteries in Shanghai for the use of Westerners. the Bubblingwell

Cemetery in the western suburbs and the Pa Sien Chiao, Eight Fairies Bridge, Cemetery in the southern suburbs of Shanghai. I found the Mustard grave in the latter cemetery:

ROBERT MUSTARD
Born at Lewes, Delaware, U.S.A.
29th March 1837
Died at Shanghai
18th July 1900

Like all the other graves in the cemetery, the Mustard grave was in a neglected condition, overgrown with weeds. Most of the Westerners had already left the country. The old caretaker was still living at the gatehouse. I had him cut the grass and trim the shrubbery. After laying some flowers on the grave, I took snapshots to send back to Mrs. Layton. Two little Chinese children, possibly the caretaker's, were playing around and gladly posed in the pictures. In return I gave them an apple to share, which I had with me for my lunch. These cemeteries were dismantled shortly afterwards by the municipal authorities and turned into public parks.

October 16th was the anniversary of my mother's death, and so I visited her grave in our family plot at the Church's Tan Chia Chiao Cemetery in the northern suburbs. This cemetery was recently dismantled to give way to an industrial development. During the turmoil of the communist take-over of Shanghai, my sister, Mrs. Mason Loh, nee Lantsung Tsu, met a tragic death in a daylight robbery at her home. A group of yound hoodlums entered her house in a quiet suburb and brutally murdered the maidservant and her niece. Mrs. Loh was found bound in a chair, uninjured; she probably died of shock. She was a prominent churchwoman, well-known for her active participation in various services for community welfare. At the time of her death she was the Principal of St. Mary's Hall, our Church high school for girls in Shanghai, and President of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Church. At the Memorial Service held at the Church of Our Saviour, Shanghai, on July 17, 1950, moving testimonials were presented by representatives of the community.

December 18, 1950 was my 65th birthday anniversary, and so I gave advance notice of my desire to retire from active duty at the

end of the year, having reached the official retirement age. I was urged to remain in office until the summer of 1951, but declined with regrets. In view of this, the Church proceeded to reorganize the National Office, turning it into "the Shanghai Office of the Standing Committee of the Church" with the Rev. P. C. Lin as resident Secretary.

During the autumn and winter of 1950 there was a great deal of suffering among the refugees in Shanghai. In the midst of political turmoil, there were extensive floods in North Kiangsu, Shantung, Anhui and Honan. Refugees flocked into Shanghai and parked themselves wherever there was any shelter against the elements. One day a small group came to our office. The spokesman said that they had come from Honan, in north central China, because their village and their farms were submerged in flood water. At Wusih a short distance west of Shanghai on the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, his wife's right arm was crushed between moving freight cars, as she tried to get on for a free ride. They had come to our office, for they had recognized the name of the Church, *Sheng Kung Hui*, which they had seen back in Honan. I called at the 5th Municipal Hospital and located the woman with a stump at her shoulder, instead of an arm. The surgeon assured me that the case was under control, for he had given the woman antibiotic injections. I asked the man how he was going to support himself, his wife and child. He would get a bamboo basket and pick rags, to keep the family going until spring when he expected the flood water to subside and they could go back to their farm. He reported that the land reform had been completed in Honan and he had half an acre of farmland assigned to him, but the flood water stood breast high on his land.

This man became a frequent visitor, having "adopted" me as his advisor. He was a resourceful man. He had found a fellow-provincial who was the "wealthy" proprietor of two roadside ovens for making big *ta ping*, the Chinese pizza-like wheat cakes. The business was so successful that the man was planning to open a third oven, and was willing to consider taking my visitor as part owner, if he could provide half the capital for it, equal to the value of three 50-lb. bags of flour. This sounded practical and so I raised the needed capital of JMP 250,000, or about U.S. $10.00. JMP was the currency of the communist regime. A few

days later his wife, the one-armed woman, came with the little boy to report that her husband was doing well, selling the *ta ping* and that they had also a home now by sharing a shed with another fellow-provincial from Honan, for which they paid a monthly rent of JMP 10,000 or about U.S. $0.40. What satisfaction it was to see the little refugee family back on their feet again, with a little help in time. But the case was one among many that needed help, like a drop in a bucket of misery all around us in that disturbed time.

St. Andrew's Day, November 30, 1950, was chosen as the date for a Farewell Party to mark the official conclusion of my service to the Chinese Church. On the same day was held the Consecration of the Rt. Rev. F. T. Tsai, as Bishop of East Szechuen. Both functions were held at St. John's University. Many friends representing the Churches and Christian institutions of Shanghai were present. At the luncheon, they presented me with a Commemorative Volume, bound in silk tapestry, with a eulogistic essay reciting my forty years of service to the Church and bearing the signatures of all the friends present, led by the names of the Bishops. Mr. William S. H. Hung, well-known scholar and calligrapher executed a classic composition in his beautiful penmanship. It was a formal and traditional way of celebrating an occasion of this kind and we all had a good time together. With the celebration, I relinquished the title of General Secretary of the National Office of the Church and Executive Secretary of the Home Mission Board, and resumed my honorary title of "Assistant Bishop of Hongkong." Bishop R. O. Hall of Hongkong very graciously wrote welcoming me back to his Diocese, but my own plan was to rejoin my family in America. I left Shanghai on December 7th for Hongkong.

The last Sunday in my homeland, December 3rd, was spent in Wusih. I went there at the invitation of the vicar of St. Andrew's Church, to take part in the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Wusih Mission and to give the commemorative address. Wusih was where I started my ministry in the Church in 1907, after my ordination to the Diaconate, on graduation from the Theological School of St. John's University, Shanghai. Therefore, this visit to Wusih on my last Sunday in China was a memorable occasion for me.

Departure from Shanghai was not an easy matter. One had to secure a travel permit from the police to go down to Canton. Fortunately at that time the requirement for an exit permit to leave the country had not been introduced. From Canton I took the short ride to the Chinese border, and crossing the little railway bridge at Lo Wu, I stepped into the British colony of Hongkong. I had brought with me two large suitcases filled with porcelains that I wanted to take out of the country, with some anxiety not knowing whether or not the Chinese customs officers at the border would allow me to do so. To my surprise the customs officers did not even open the cases for examination, but shooed us through the barrier as if wanting to get rid of us in a hurry. Had I anticipated such favorable treatment, I would have tried to bring out more of my antiques. These customs officers were left-overs from the old regime and I suspected that they were more in sympathy with those who wanted to get out of the country than in loyalty to the new regime.

December 13th I boarded a cargoliner, SS *President Pierce*, bound for America. Being a freighter, the ship wandered all over the globe, so to speak, not at the bidding of the few passengers on board, but following the requirements of the more valuable cargo. On the third day out of Hongkong we touched Okinawa and remained in port for four days, much to our delight. Similarly we had long stopovers at Kobe, Nagoya, Yokohama, and a port on the northern tip of Hokaido, the northernmost province of Japan. I had never been to Hokaido and so took the visit as compensation for being marooned on board ship for almost a month and forced to spend Christmas and New Year and my own birthday anniversary on the ocean waters. When we reached Hokaido, in mid-winter, the entire deck of the ship was a glistening mass of solid ice, and the masts, railings and ropes were festooned with long icicles, an enchanting fairyland-like sight especially in moonlight, but it was hard work for the sailors to keep things going in that wintry weather. We reached Los Angeles, California, on January 8, 1951.

APPENDIX A: THE BISHOPS' MEMORANDUM

A Memorandum from the Chinese and Missionary Bishops of the Church in China, May 1943

Explanatory Note

For the first time since the declaration of the Pacific War, the Bishops of Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui in "Free China" met in Chungking, May 21-22, 1943. The meeting was attended by the Bishops of East Szechuen, West Szechuen, Shensi, Yunnan-Kweichow and Hongkong and South China, of which Yunnan-Kweichow forms a sub-division. Another meeting of the Bishops of Kwangsi-Hunan, Hongkong and South China, Fukien and possibly also Hupeh-Hunan will be held somewhere in the southeast a little while later. These meetings were the first gatherings of the Bishops since the last full session of the House of Bishops held in Shanghai in February 1941.

In anticipation of possible developments due to the Sino-Japanese War, the House of Bishops at the Shanghai meeting appointed the Rt. Rev. Andrew Y. Y. Tsu, Bishop of Yunnan-Kweichow District and Assistant Bishop of Hongkong, as T'e Pai Yuan, (translated "Executive Representative") for "Free China." In view of the forthcoming visit of Bishop Tsu to America and England, the Bishops assembled in Chungking prepared a Memorandum for presentation to the Churches in those countries. The Memorandum is being circulated among the Bishops of the southeast not present at the meeting for their endorsement.

(signed)
C. T. Song, Bishop, Chairman
K. G. Bevan, Bishop, Recording Secretary
A. Y. Y. Tsu, Bishop, T'e Pai Yuan

Chungking, May 21-22, 1943
House of Bishops, C.H.S.K.H.

The Crisis of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui

The Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui is the child of at least twelve distinct missionary societies (list appended). Long years of generous giving by these missionary societies, their great variety, and their willingness to cooperate have been our strength in the past, and give us today a deep sense of security and fellowship.

But in these days of supreme crisis, we believe that this great diversity of godfathers and godmothers may prove a source of weakness. For they each have a special interest in China, and have not continually before them the full picture of the disaster that war with Japan has been to the young Chinese Church.

Nine out of thirteen dioceses have been in whole or in part occupied by the enemy, half of our Bishops, sixteen out of eighteen members of the Standing Committee, and twenty out of twenty-five self-supporting churches are in the hands of the invaders. Nearly all of our universities and schools are refugee institutions. Our Central Theological College is closed. Many churches have been destroyed, and more damaged. Many leading laymen and laywomen are now reduced to poverty and want. Many workers have been discharged. Many clergy have had to go into education, some even into business to keep their families alive; all have borrowed extensively from friends and relatives; some are in rags. There has been a general reduction in health and an increase in clerical sickness through under-nourishment. These conditions apply equally in Free and Occupied China. In addition, our own Missionary Diocese of Shensi is in a desperate plight, through the poverty of the whole Church, upon which it depends for support, and our own small beginnings of endowment are mostly worthless through the destruction of property and war-time inflation of Chinese currency.

In spite of all these adversities the Church has gone forward. Work has been started in new areas, new members have been baptized and confirmed. But we have not been able to take advantage of one-tenth of the opportunities presented to us.

In true Anglican tradition, the special contribution of the Sheng Kung Hui to Chinese Christianity has been thoroughness

of teaching, dignity and beauty of worship, and the Episcopal church order. These things have depended upon a well-trained Ministry with a relatively high, though in fact, very simple, standard of maintenance. This is commonly recognized in China to have been the right policy. In many places the reverse is now true, and Anglican clergy are less well cared for than some churches which have only one single missionary organization behind them.

Moreover, the Sheng Kung Hui has so far no central office or officers. We are a federation of dioceses, under the Chairman, (of the House of Bishops), with widely differing relations to missionary societies, and most unequal financial support.

We do not believe that the Anglican Communion throughout the world wishes to see any of the grand results of the one hundred years of missionary endeavor wasted. We are determined to face the present crisis and the vital postwar years with such wisdom and efficiency as it shall please God to give us. Of the Anglican Communion throughout the world we ask the following:

1. A continuation of constant prayer in our behalf;
2. A succession of young men and women, who will come to work for fifteen to twenty years as associates of the Chinese clergy, as teachers in universities and schools, and as doctors and nurses in our hospitals;
3. A full realization that like the Church of England or U.S.A. or Canada, or any other, we need a central office, central planning, central funds, so that help, for example, for Fukien or Shantung, is not limited by the fact that they are the field of particular missionary societies, but additional help can be made available in personnel or funds from other parts of the Church.

In order to survive the war years and also to be ready to meet the opportunities and needs of the postwar period, we urgently need additional financial help:

A. During the war, to:
1. The Sheng Kung Hui Clergy Maintenance Fund, which now supports the Bishop of the Missionary Diocese (Shensi) and makes additional grants to dioceses according to special needs

caused by the war, by rising prices or by new opportunities;
2. The Standing Committee of the General Synod on Student Work, which is concerned especially with work in the government universities;

B. In preparation for the postwar period, and re-entry into occupied dioceses and parishes:
1. We need the counsel of special delegates from other branches of the Anglican Communion on the Commission of Reconstruction;
2. We need financial assistance for the Central Endowment and Reconstruction Fund, which makes loans and grants for the re-building of churches, universities, schools and hospitals, and grants for the maintenance of Bishops and clergy.

We have asked Bishop Andrew Y.Y. Tsu, appointed by the last full meeting of the House of Bishops in shanghai in 1941 as the "Executive Representative" of the House in Free China, to present these facts to the Church in the United States, in Great Britain and in Canada. A copy of the Memorandum is being sent to the Archbishops and Presiding Bishops of the other Provinces. In gratitude for all that your love and zeal have done for us in the past, and with our prayers for God's blessing on your land and Church, and in God's time, for a wise and just peace among the nations,

(signed)
Andrew Y. Y. Tsu, Bishop of Kunming, Executive Representative of the House of Bishops
C. T. Song, Bishop of West Szechuen
Ronald Hongkong, Bishop of Hongkong & South China
T. K. Shen, Bishop of Shensi
K. G. Bevan, Bishop of East Szechuen
*P. Stevens, Bishop of Kwangsi-Hunan
*A. K. Hsu, Assistant Bishop of Kwangsi-Hunan

Chungking, China, May 1943
(*note: absent, confirmation by letter)

The twelve missionary societies: National Council of the American Episcopal Church; Church Missionary Society, England; Society

for the Propagation of the Gospel, England; China Inland Mission; Church of England in Canada; Australian Board of Missions & Australian C.M.S.; New Zealand Board of Missions; Church of England Zenana Missionary Society; Dublin University Mission; Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, England; Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society.

* * *

APPENDIX B: THE "CHRISTIAN MANIFESTO," 1950

The Path to be energetically pursued by Christianity in China, within the Effort of New China's National Reconstruction

Protestant Christianity has already had a history of more than one hundred and forty years since it was first brought to this country. Within this period, it made not unworthy contribution to Chinese society. Nevertheless, and this is most unfortunate, it was not long after Christianity's coming to China that imperialism started its activities here; and since the principal groups of missionaries who brought Christianity to China all came themselves from these imperialist countries, Christianity, consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, became related to imperialism. Now that the Chinese revolution has achieved victory, these imperialist countries will not rest passively content in face of this unprecedented historical fact in China. They will certainly seek to contrive by every means the destruction of what has actually been achieved; they may also make use of Christianity to forward their plot of stirring up internal dissension, and creating reactionary forces in this country. It is our purpose in publishing the following statement to heighten our vigilance against imperialism, to show the clear political stand of Christians in New China, to hasten the building of a Chinese Church whose affairs are managed by the Chinese themselves, and to indicate the responsibilities which should be taken up by Christians throughout the whole country to exert their best effort in carrying into effect the principles herein presented.

Our Duty in General: Christian Churches and organizations give

thorough-going support to the "Common Political Platform" and under the leadership of the Government oppose imperialism, feudalism, and bureaucratic capitalism, and strenuously engage themselves in the struggle to build an independent, democratic, peaceable, united, prosperous and powerful New China.

Our Fundamental Aims:

1. Christian Churches and organizations in China should exert their utmost efforts and employ effective methods to make people in the Churches everywhere recognize clearly the evils which have been wrought in China by imperialism, recognize the fact that in the past imperialism has made use of Christianity, purge imperialist influences from within Christianity itself, and be vigilant against imperialism, and especially American imperialism, in its plot to use religion in fostering the growth of reactionary forces. At the same time, they should call upon them to participate in the movement opposing war and upholding peace, and teach them thoroughly to understand and support the Government's policy of agrarian reform.

2. Christian Churches and organizations in China should take effective measures to cultivate a patriotic and democratic spirit among their adherents in general as well as psychology of self-respect and self-reliance. The movement for autonomy, self-support and self-propagation hitherto promoted in the Chinese Church has already attained a measure of real achievement. This movement from now onwards should complete its task within the shortest period. At the same time, self-criticism should be advocated, all forms of Christian activity reexamined and readjusted and thorough-going austerity adopted, so as to achieve the goal of a reformation in the Church.

Concrete Methods:

1. All Christian Churches and organizations in China which are still relying upon foreign personnel and financial aid should immediately work out concrete plans to realize within the shortest possible time their objective of self-reliance and rejuvenation.

2. From now onwards, as regards their religious work, Christian Churches and organizations lay its emphasis upon a deeper understanding of the nature of Christianity itself, closer fellowship and

unity among the various denominations, the cultivation of better leadership personnel, and reform in the systems of church organization. As regards their more general work, they should emphasize anti-imperialistic, anti-feudalistic and anti-bureaucratic-capitalistic education, together with such forms of service to the people as productive labor, teaching them to understand the new era, cultural and recreational activities, literacy teaching, medical and health work, and care of children.

(Translation by the Far Eastern Joint Office: China Committee, U.S.A.)

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APPENDIX C: THE BISHOPS' PASTORAL LETTER, 1950

Greetings of affection and respect from the Standing Committee of the General Synod of the Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui and the House of Bishops, jointly meeting in conference in Shanghai on this 5th day of July 1950, to Fellow-believers in the Lord, throughout the country:

At this conference we have thoroughly discussed questions relating to the ways in which the Church should itself be able to take its due place in this new era. In order to help Christians throughout the country to pay attention together in these matters, we are especially listing below the more important results of our deliberations:

1. We acknowledge that the Church is not only unable to compromise with imperialism, feudalism or bureaucratic capitalism, but take issue with them as being fundamentally in opposition to the Faith of the Church. The Church has ever regarded alliance with power and prestige, and the exploitation of the common people, as a contradiction to the spirit of Christ, who Himself never compromised with power or prestige, and whose Apostles' teachings on these subjects are recorded in Holy Scripture at too many places to enumerate.

2. By its faith in God as the Ruler of the universe, who sent

His Holy Son into the world because of His love for all men everywhere, Christianity is actually engaged in bringing freedom to those who are oppressed. We therefore greatly rejoice in the liberation which has come to the people of our nation, and with the utmost sincerity uphold that freedom of religious faith which is guaranteed in the "Common Political Principles."

3. Our Church has already made real achievements along the lines of self-governing, self-support and self-propagation; we are determined along with our fellow-Christians to press forward together to the achievement of our goal, within the shortest possible time.

4. Within the Church there have been in the past black sheep, who have disregarded the tenets of the Church and rebelled against Christ; but their actions have been those of a small number of individuals, who cannot be held to represent the whole Church; their sins, however, have been abhorred by the Church itself. From now onwards, we must therefore redouble our efforts to make pervasive throughout every part of the Church's life the spirit of Holiness and Catholicity, which are distinctive characteristics of the Church.

5. The things which our Church must henceforth promote in a positive way are, on the one hand, an emphasis on cultivation of the spiritual life, religious education and the fostering of Christian personality and home life; and on the other hand, an emphasis on productive labor and the service of society.

6. Christ is the Prince of Peace, and our Church has therefore in all its past history stood for the promotion of peace. We are opposed to every form of weapon which cruelly slaughters human beings.

Finally in order to strengthen our Church and to prepare ourselves to overcome difficulties, we propose that starting from now on, for the next year, all Christians throughout the country, use a few minutes at noon every day in mutual prayer, thus constantly reminding ourselves of our common mission and responsibilities. As to the concrete tasks to be undertaken by the Church from now on, and the deepening of our apprehension of the Faith, our Church

is already engaged upon the preparation of a set of Church Study Handbooks to be distributed later.

July 5, 1950 (An official translation)

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